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New Statesman

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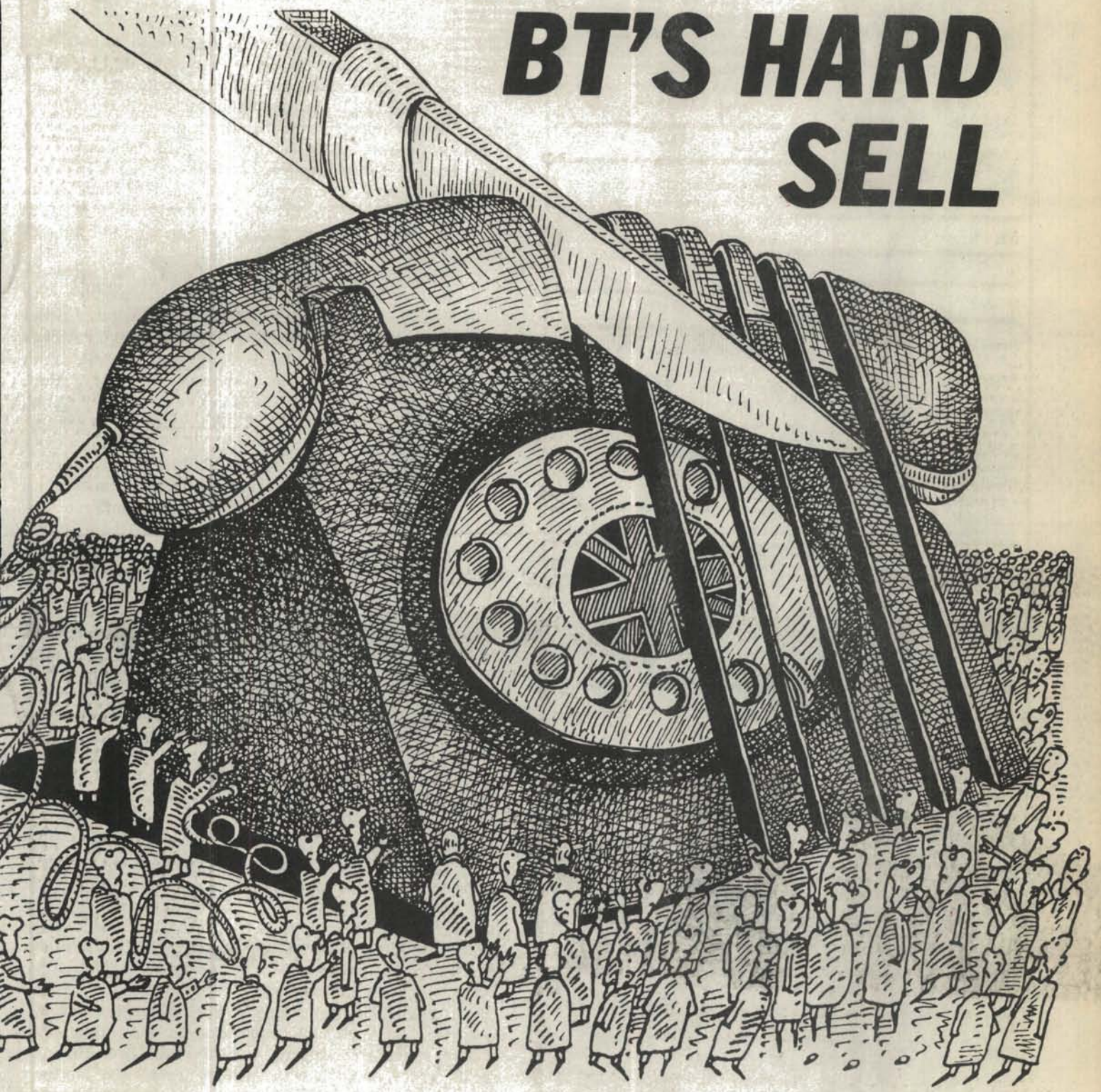

PLUS: Peter Hain on Neil Kinnock • Warnock report • Ngugi's play • Sport

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New Statesman

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New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2801 23 November 1984

Can FitzGerald hold the line?

AT HER PRESS conference after the Anglo-Irish summit, Mrs Thatcher said that she could see no reason why Dr FitzGerald should face any criticism in Dublin over the outcome.

Only someone totally lacking in political sensitivity could *not* know the political risk that the Irish Prime minister was running by attending a summit of this kind, with its predictable lack of any concrete result. He was already under some criticism, even before he came, because of the imperious way in which the venue for the summit was changed at British insistence from Ireland to England 'for security reasons'. That bomb, after all went off in Brighton, not Dublin.

On Tuesday the Taoiseach was duly savaged in the Dail by the opposition. Mr Haughey used the phrases of a tragic day for Anglo-Irish relations and total capitulation to the British. Looked at through Irish eyes, the televised version of Mrs Thatcher's press conference after the event gave a flatly negative and arrogant impression — the harshly dismissive rejection of any of the three main options put forward by the New Ireland Forum (unification, confederation and joint authority); the repeated harping on the preservation of sovereignty.

It was inevitable that the outcome would appear like that in Ireland. Mrs Thatcher simply did not look and sound as if she was leaning forward. Mr Douglas Hurd's statement on Wednesday that Dublin has no role to play in running Northern Ireland reinforced the negative impression. The tragedy of the result of this lack of sensitivity is that Dr FitzGerald's policy is in severe and immediate danger of being totally undermined by domestic Irish political reaction to what appeared to happen at the summit — just at the time when, behind the insensitive front, there are hints that in fact Mrs Thatcher has at last engaged her political mind on the Irish question.

It is clear, for example, from the communiqué and from what she has said since, that Mrs Thatcher understands at last that there has to be a link between closer co-operation on security and some kind of political initiative. She appears now to understand that the British cannot go on demanding more security help from the Irish police and the Irish courts, while simply refusing to discuss any of the items that are at the top of the Irish agenda.

It is also clear that Mrs Thatcher now understands that in any new political and administrative arrangements for Northern Ireland the identity of the nationalist (Catholic) minority in the North must be recognised. The fact that the Reverend Ian Paisley and other unionist politicians have reacted to the communiqué with almost the same degree of hostility as Mr Haughey is perhaps the best indication going that Mrs Thatcher's Irish education may be beginning to get her somewhere.

For in the end there cannot be an inch of real progress so long as the British government in Westminster is unwilling in any way to challenge any bit of the assumed right of veto of Ulster Unionists over all aspects of Anglo-Irish relations in respect of Northern Ireland. Unionists may be right to detect that, behind the ritual rejection of the constitutional proposals from the New Ireland Forum and the ritual glorification of sovereignty, the communiqué included the first signs that the veto might be challenged.

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That communiqué also hooked the British government on a commitment to make progress in some practical direction in the early part of 1985. The talks this week were, in effect, talks about talks. Dr FitzGerald needed to persuade Mrs Thatcher to concentrate on the problem and to indicate to her the specific areas in which it was worth trying to make substantive progress.

Although it may not look like it in Dublin, he appears to have had a significant measure of success. Talks *are* going on between officials, covering a wide range of practical questions. As a result of this summit they will continue — with Mrs Thatcher's blessing. By the time that the two Prime Ministers next meet there will have to be something positive to show for it, or 'the Irish question' will once again suffer years, perhaps decades, of relapse. □

Animals also have rights

ALMOST THE ONLY new political movement to have developed since the '70s is the movement for animal rights. It now spans many organisations from the Conservative stronghold of the RSPCA to the activist groups of hunt saboteurs and the Animal Liberation Front. It takes in many motives — from the misanthropic to the humane.

It is the activist groups which now comprise the new movement. Although they argue that sheer frustration at getting change is the reason for letting minks out of cages or playing games with Mars bars, they may also have been propelled into more dramatic acts as a reaction against the very image of their predecessors: the wealthy patrons of animal welfare who went fox hunting in their prime and left their money to the cats' home.

While those who care for their health might have gained a small pleasure at the thought of a momentary hiccough in the Mars bar production conveyor belt, threatening this national delicacy may merely confirm a prejudice that those who love animals don't like people much. Yet there has been surprisingly little public outrage at the acts of vandalism and trespass committed by supporters of animal liberation. This is in part because it takes place on few people's doorsteps, partly because it does not appear to constitute a threat to 'social order' and partly because the cause of animal rights evokes significant sympathy across the political spectrum.

The Left has long spurned the issue, feeling that the suffering and neglect of human beings should take priority in any scale of humane values over the neglect of individual animals. The issue is now different. Today, the use of animals is an integral part of many of Britain's most profitable industries (tobacco, alcohol, chemicals, cosmetics) and most prestigious sciences. Last year experiments were conducted on over 3,000,000 — from 2,000,000 mice, through 14,000 dogs to some 5,550 primates. These government figures do not include animals used for non-experimental purposes (eg the growth of a tumour which will then be transplanted), or those experiments covered by the Official Secrets Act (eg at Porton Down).

The use of animals is covered by the 1876 Cruelty to Animals Act, designed in the days when some 300 experiments a year were carried out. Now, with some 500 licensed establishments, ranging from publicly funded laboratories and hospitals, through the special contract testing houses to the laboratories owned by large chemical and cosmetic firms, the machinery of control is quite inadequate. Fifteen inspectors, under the authority of Home Office Minister David Mellor, are responsible for processing all applications and advising and inspecting all establishments. It is not that they condone bad practice (indeed, they are regarded as healthily officious by many establishments); rather they cannot step outside the generous guidelines of the Home Office to assert that society is not going to benefit in any measurable way from a particular experiment.

In recognition of how the use of animal experimentation has changed since 1876, the government did last spring produce a White Paper on 'Scientific Procedures on Living Animals', from which a Bill is expected to be produced in this parliamentary session. It is not, however, going to subject the work of scientists to the sort of rigorous scrutiny or criteria which the public would like. This is largely because it cannot afford to ask the basic question: what are animal experiments for?

The vested interests in animal experimentation are legion. Only a few are concerned with the advancement of scientific knowledge which is likely to introduce some new benefit to human beings. For instance, many of the products which are tested on animals, from tobacco to pesticides, are known to be harmful to humans or the environment. The purpose of the test is not to eliminate the harm; it is either to get an edge over competitors, or to satisfy a government requirement that a test has been carried out. Tests in other areas, such as behavioural psychology, serve less to increase understanding of human beings than to 'protect' the scientist from having to study actual human distress.

Any new legislation, if it were seriously concerned with eliminating unnecessary and cruel experiments (which can be degrading to those who carry them out as well as to the animals who suffer from them), would be based on a policy of exclusion: no experiments should be carried out unless and until those proposing the experiment have proved that their product could uniquely meet a genuine human need and that no other form for developing and testing the safety of the product is available. The assessments and decisions of the Animal Inspectorate should be made avialable to the public every year. And the public should accept responsibility for the experimentation that is carried out in its name, deciding what limits it wants to draw and what products, or practices it will, in consequence, no longer want to sanction. □

Dickie Dirts

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BISHOPS APPALLED BY UN VIEW OF GUATEMALA

A SCOTTISH Catholic bishop hopes members of the United Nations 'will not be so daft as to believe' a report submitted to them on human rights in Guatemala by the British peer, Lord Colville of Culross. BRIAN WILSON reports

BISHOP Maurice Taylor of Galloway, secretary to the Bishop's Conference of Scotland, has just returned from Central America. He says the Guatemalan bishops — on the basis of what they understand Lord Colville's findings to be — are 'distraught that a man of such experience and influence could put in such a report'.

Colville, a London-based QC and a junior minister in the Heath government, was until last year British representative on the United Nations Human Rights Commission and chair of a working group on disappeared persons. He was appointed to carry out a special report on Guatemala and completed his researches in September.

Bishop Taylor asserts: 'Wherever he went, people were complaining about this very unsatisfactory report put in by Lord Colville — a UN appointed observer who couldn't speak Spanish, and who went around with representatives of the Guatemalan government.'

By contrast, in their own report on Guatemala, Bishop Taylor and Bishop James O'Brien of Hertfordshire, chair of the department of international affairs of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, describe the Catholic church in Guatemala as 'a persecuted church, suffering and in danger'. The bishops press the British government to make re-establishment of full diplomatic links with Guatemala dependent on the setting up of a Human Rights Commission under the auspices of the church.

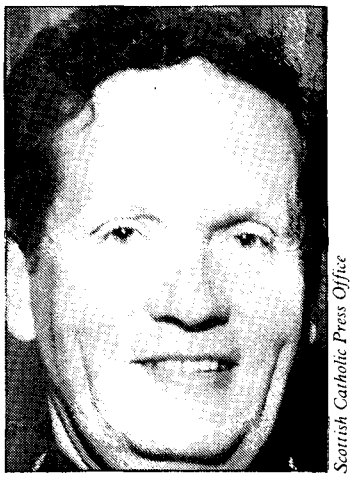
'Evils of the regime'

They had been 'deeply impressed', they say, to meet a group of representatives from the wives, mothers and sisters of 225 men who have disappeared in recent months (*desperacidos*): 'We hope that by speaking out we'll be doing something for the people of Guatemala. We were so convinced of the evils of the regime and the violations of human rights as well as of the restrictions on the practice of religion.'

The two bishops trace the era of repression to the CIA-backed coup in 1954 which ended Guatemala's 'only democratic period'. Since then, the country has been ruled by 'a succession of military governments which have ruthlessly repressed even the most moderate challenge to their total monopoly of power'.

Of the current regime of General Mejia Victores they say: 'There's no sign that the army of Guatemala intends to relinquish its total control of power or to implement serious reforms — such as the desperately needed agrarian reform. Without such fundamental structural changes, there appears no hope that the situation of gross injustice and fear will come to an end in the near future.'

Bishop Taylor condemns too the 'baleful influence' of the United States in Nicaragua, which he also visited: 'Whether or not they actually invade with troops, the threats and the bullying seem likely to continue. The Nicaraguans, including many who do not support the Sandinistas, are much more opposed to the way in which the Americans are trying to run their country and say who their government will be.'



Scottish Catholic Press Office

Turbulent bishop Taylor. . .

Monitor

. . .defensive peer Colville

'No time for Spanish'

In response to Bishop Taylor, Colville emphasises that his report hasn't yet been published, and says he assumes that any conjecture about what it will say must be based on a press conference he gave in Guatemala (fully reported in the local press).

'It's a document intended to be read as a whole', he says. 'Some things I'm critical of, some things I give them a pat on the back for.' The bishop will have to 'wait and see' what's in the report. Colville isn't prepared to go into it in more detail pre-publication.

Colville responds to the criticism of his appropriateness on linguistic grounds by saying he can read Spanish, but not speak it very well: 'There isn't time for me to fumble around with a language at which I'm not very good.' ●

BELGRANO ENQUIRY

PM used 'quotes out of context'

ONE LOG LOST, another shredded: will we next discover Mrs T at night in the grounds of Chequers burning the transcripts of taped war cabinet discussions (with the expletives, if any, deleted)? George Foulkes, the Labour front-bencher now sharing the *Belgrano* affair workload with Tam Dalyell, has put down over a dozen questions in the House of Commons asking Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine to list all 'reports, documents and logs' kept on the submarine that sank the *Belgrano* — and asking: 'where are they now?'

Foulkes wants to know what information is in which document, who saw them last, and — a surprise extension of the scope of the conflict — what about the log for *HMS Splendid*, the sub that was told to go and sink the Argentine aircraft carrier two days before the *Belgrano* went down?

Meanwhile, there was an important disclosure at the Foreign Affairs select committee last week, which went unreported. Desmond Rice, co-author of *The Sinking of the Belgrano*, produced a translation of an Argentine newspaper report, in which Admiral Lombardo, the commander of the Argentine armed forces at the time of the Falklands war, pointed out that he had been taken out of context in a British television interview.

Mrs Thatcher quoted the *Panorama* interview (16 April) extensively in her long reply to Foulkes (19 September) after the leak of the Belgrano Papers. (Note that the government quotes from Argentine sources when it suits it, but attacks critics for relying on biased Argentine sources when it doesn't.)

In particular, she quoted Lombardo saying he would have sunk a British *Belgrano* in similar circumstances. But in the *article* Lombardo explains that he said that if he'd been the commander of a ship ordered to attack, he'd have done so. He had *not* been referring to the political decision to order the attack.

Mrs Thatcher also quoted Lombardo's alleged confirmation that the *Belgrano* was part of a pincer movement directed at the British task force. The article supports the impression given by closer examination of the *Panorama* transcript, which is that Lombardo was trying to make the point that he would only have dared use the 46-year-old *Belgrano* against the task force if it were engaged in a landing. For a few hours, the Argentines thought a landing was taking place, but when they realised it wasn't, all ships, including the *Belgrano*, were recalled.

In the Argentine newspaper article Lombardo is quoted as saying:' She was a ship from the start of World War II, no danger for the British fleet, but a danger to a ship on its own, or for a small group of isolated and second-class units.'

This week the select committee moved on, rightly, to the matter of the Ethiopian famine. It returns to the *Belgrano* on 5 December, when it's expected defence chief Lord Lewin and former defence minister John Nott will be called.

John Rentoul

Sellafield Euro query

LABOUR members of the European Parliament are planning to raise a possible breach of European law on nuclear proliferation by the British Government (see NS *26 October) at the Parliament's next sitting in December.*

Carol Tongue, MEP for London East and Hugh McMahon, MEP for Strathclyde West, are drafting a motion condemning the British Government's refusal to allow the Magnox reprocessing plant at Sellafield in Cumbria to be visited by inspectors from Euratom.

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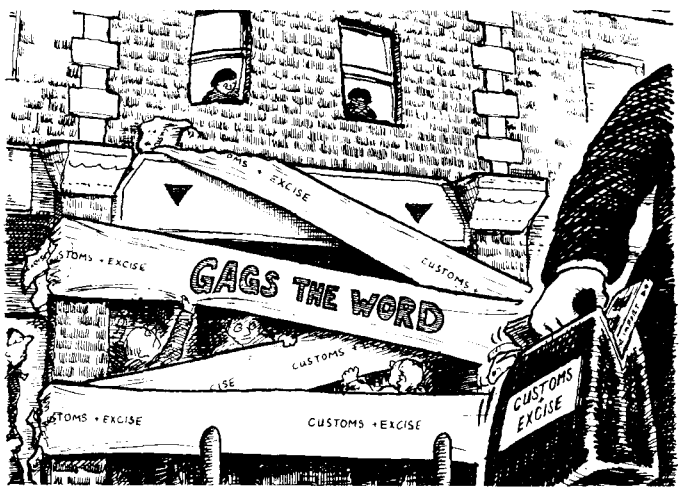
THAT'S IT! GAYS FACE BOOKS TRIAL IN '85

CUSTOMS & EXCISE intervention in imports of the written word for lesbians and gay men over 1983-84 (*NS* November) culminated this Wednesday (21 November) in charges of conspiracy against directors and staff of Gay's the Word bookshop in London's Bloomsbury. ANDREW LUMSDEN reports

EIGHT DIRECTORS of Gay's the Word, a member of staff, and the holding company of the shop have been charged that 'on divers dates between 1 January 1981-1 August 1984 at London and elsewhere [they did] conspire with each other and with Ed Hermance [a co-owner of American book exporters *Giovanni's Room*] and other persons unknown fraudulently to evade the prohibition on importation of indecent and obscene material imposed by Section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act 1876, that being an offence contrary to Section 170(2) of the Customs & Excise Management Act 1979'.



Chris Madden

Charges have also been brought in regard to eight individual titles on specific dates against all directors of the shop, and one director has had personal property declared 'seized'. The eight titles that Customs consider should be prohibited include *Joy of Lesbian Sex* and *Joy of Gay Sex*, *Tricks* (French novel with introduction by Roland Barthes), and a copy (issue 82) of the widely-admired American newspaper for gays, *New York Native* (subsidiary of *Christopher Street*). The defendants, all lesbian or gay, are summoned to appear at Clerkenwell Magistrates court on 7 January, 1985.

Britain's best known authority in the area of obscenity law, barrister Geoffrey Robertson, will lead for the defence when the case comes to court, instructed by National Council for Civil Liberties (NCCL) solicitor Marie Staunton. The trial, expected to take place in late 1985, is already widely seen as a test of the statutory powers of Customs & Excise, and of the application of them by officers of Customs & Excise in dealing with imports of reading material intended specifically for lesbians and gay men.

A *Defend Gay's the Word Campaign*, set up after Customs raided the bookshop and homes of directors on 10 April this year, is hoping to raise £50,000 for legal costs. Some £5,000 has already come in from the lesbian and gay community, prior to any intensive fund-raising. Founded in 1979, Gay's the Word is regarded as a community resource, no payments of any kind being made to directors or shareholders.

NCCL has declared that it regards the case as a major issue in the censorship area. Besides providing legal expertise, this week (20 November) it organised a protest letter to *The Times* signed by among others Frank Delaney, presenter of BBC 2's *Frank Delaney* literature programme, novelist Angela Carter, and David Whitaker, proprietor of the *Bookseller*, in whose columns Whitaker has expressed alarm on behalf of the entire UK book trade.

And on 17 December from noon the NCCL's Tabard St, SE1 headquarters will be mounting an exhibition of some of the 144 distinct 'titles' (comprising over 2,000 volumes) which Customs have seized from Gay's the Word during 1984.

Donations towards the legal costs now facing Gay's the Word may be sent to: Defend Gay's the Word Campaign, 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1. Treasurer is Dr Andrew Hodges, author of the full-scale biography of Alan Turing (*Alan Turing: The Enigma*) which last year told for the first time how Turing, the genius behind the breaking of the German Enigma codes in WWII, was brought to his death and official oblivion in the 1950s after being induced by a British court to take drugs to 'suppress' his homosexuality.

MISCELLANY

Habits dying hard

First Mirror Group newspapers, now Shelter have decided the old Abbey habit isn't for them. Clive Thornton, sometime Abbey National supremo (not to mention the Mirror Group) is currently chair of SHAC, the London housing aid centre. With SHAC director Nick Raynsford, Thornton dreamt up a plan to drift over into Shelter as well, since the national campaign for the homeless is currently looking for a new director. Thornton was to have been chair, Raynsford director. The Shelter board response was a unanimous 'no'. One of its crustier members indeed, on hearing the suggestion that this would give Shelter a nationally known housing expert as chair, said crushingly: 'I've never known a building society man yet who knows anything about housing.' Meanwhile, applicants for the director's job number 120 with ex Labour MP's joining the list daily, Joan Lestor, ex-Labour Party Chair, being the most prominent. And, worried about its GLC funding, SHAC is thinking of setting up a national network of housing benefit advice centres to rival Shelter's housing aid centres. It can be cut-throat out there in the voluntary sector . . .

Don't wish to know that

Plainly it's not going to be enough (we should be so lucky) to have a Freedom of Information Act. There'll have to be an Incitement to Enquiry Act as well. No doubt Fleet St has an awful lot on its plate, but it's a fact that when a leading star of the NS *Insideprobegrope team, John Rentoul, cycled into Slaughter & May, solicitors to British Telecom, this Monday to ask for a sight of the 'documents available for inspection' mentioned in the privatisation prospectus he was the first rep. of the Fourth Estate (or of Jo Public) to have taken the trouble — though they'd been on view throughout the preceding Friday. On p8, the results of his prurient enquiry into the Telecom directors' pay.*

Alger Hiss drops by

The authentic voice of the New Deal was in the *NS* offices last week. What will Britain be doing about commemorative reappraisals of the Yalta Conference when the 40th anniversary comes up next February? What positions did we take about the miners' strike? Where do we see the Democratic Party going after November's debacle? Alger Hiss had come to lunch. At 80 he's still hunting for new facts which would let him prise open the American appeal courts and over-turn his conviction for perjury in the '40s when new boy Congressman Nixon first hit the political big-time by 'proving', with lavish FBI assistance, that Hiss, a high-flyer of the Roosevelt administrations, had 'lied' to the House Un-American Activities Committee. But he didn't want to waste breath on all that. Vigorous analyses of the Yalta settlements and their relevance to the Reagan-Chernenko cold war flowed across the table. And the Democrats? 'If I may quote Richard Nixon', he said, allowing a long pause, delighting in the startled faces, '*I'm glad you asked that question*'. He looks to Governor Cuomo of New York to rescue the Democratic Party: 'This man is more like Roosevelt than any Democratic leader I've seen — and without the squirearchical manner that was appropriate to those days, but isn't now'. And Reagan?' Well, I don't criticise outside my own country . . .'

Ana Gram zanies (7)

Transport shadow Mrs Gwyneth Dunwoody, after a dipping in the alphabet soup by reader Mike King of Letchworth, turns into 'Why not undo Wedgy?', which is fair dinkum political analysis. Highly improper is Betty Parker of Didcot's 'Why run down stodgy me?' (Bennite revenge?). Anyway, following Neil Kinnock ('I knock Lenin'), Roy Hattersley ('The Tory slayer'), Gerald Kaufman ('A UK red flag man'), Michael Meacher ('Rich male, me ache'), Denis Healey ('Diesel hyena'), and 'Sir' Peter Shore ('To err is herpes'), Mrs Dunwoody didn't defeat you at all — though one or two of you complained about the 'Mrs'. All honorifics are hereby declared optional. (*Entreprises New Statesman Anonyme*, of Lichstenstein, ENSA for short, will be launching Ana Gram Loonies as a board-game, with a 60,000 word beginners' manual of the libel law, and a complete set of rules, next month. Orders from all stockists not yet put out of business by Customs & Excise). Other offerings included 'When wrong, sod my duty', from Stuart Skyte of W5, an an anagrammatically sophisticated 'NUM dodgy, newsworthy' from James Warnock of W9, making deft use of 'Mrs'. The 'Manchester Square Wordsmiths' (Wallace Collection curators?), soaring off on their own, have sent in 'Howdy young newt' for guess-who. Next week, Stan Orme — 'Mr', 'Rt. Hon.', 'MP' etc, as you will.

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VIDEO OF ANIMAL PAIN SHATTERS RESEARCHER

A LEADING Scottish researcher into brain damage has threatened to discontinue his work on monkey's brains after being shown filmed evidence of how the monkeys are cruelly tortured in an American laboratory.

Professor James Hume Adams, head of Glasgow University's department of neuropathology at the Southern General Hospital, said he'll be seeking written assurances from the laboratory at Pennsylvania University that its practices have improved. If no such assurances are forthcoming, his department will withdraw from the work.

Adams admits he was shocked by a half-hour video tape shown in Glasgow last week by the Scottish Anti-Vivisection Society. The tape contains gruesome edited highlights from 70 hours of tape stolen from the Pennsylvanian laboratory by American animal rights activists. It shows baboons struggling frantically to escape from equipment designed to inflict severe brain damage on them. Monkey's heads are encased in cement which is slowly dislodged by a long series of blows from a hand-held hammer.

The animals' brains are frozen while they're still alive. They're then beheaded, and the brains sent across the Atlantic to Professor Adams and his colleague Professor David Graham for examination. Over the last eight years the brains of more than 100 primates have been sent to Glasgow for post-mortems to be carried out. The aim of the research is to stimulate and understand brain damage caused in road accidents in order to improve vehicle, safety belt and crash helmet designs.

The film also betrays the callous behaviour of some of the American researchers. They're seen smoking while they perform surgery and playing with brain-damaged animals. As one baboon is made to pose for the camera with a laughing female researcher, one of her colleagues comments: 'Better hope the anti-vivisection people don't get hold of this.'

Rob Edwards

Holy Loch accident

ANOTHER ACCIDENT has occured at the American nuclear base on the Holy Loch in the Clyde. Two men on the 19,000 ton submarine tender ship, the USS Hunley, *were badly burned last week after the meter they were using to test a transformer exploded in their faces. One received second-degree burns on his face and is still undergoing treatment, the other is said to have recovered and returned to normal duties.*

Details of the incident first emerged after a local 'prayer chain' had been asked to pray for the two injured men. When contacted by the NS, *a spokesperson for the base confirmed that last Tuesday (13 November) the two men mistakenly took a voltage reading across the high-voltage end — instead of the low-voltage end — of a power distribution transformer bank. 'There was a fireball and the meter was destroyed', he said. 'The incident involved a diesel generator and there was no risk of radiological contamination.'*

Grant axe hovers over 'Ulster's Ruskin college'

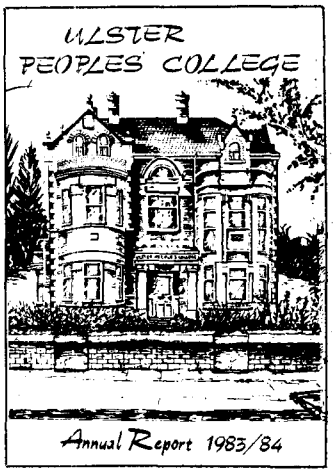
DESPITE all-party Commons enthusiasm that it get government assistance, the Ulster People's College, founded to develop an anti-sectarian focus for education with working-class adults, and opened only a year ago, is threatened with axing of its grant.

Modelled on Oxford's Ruskin College, Ulster People's College opened in 1983 with the support of trades unions, the women's movement and various community groups. It promotes education addressing the problems of Northern Ireland through debate, analysis and learning, directed by a belief that there is more that unites the working class of Ulster than divides them.

Courses so far have concentrated on problems common to Catholics and Protestant — housing, unemployment, low wages, poverty, vandalism, changes in family and community life, lack of recreational and social facilties. A study is planned of the lessons to be learnt from previous attempts to unite Protestants and Catholics.

A tremendous boost came with a recommendation from an all-party House of Commons Select Committee on Education that a government recurrent grant be made to finance day-to-day teaching, and a capital grant to pay for expansion of the premises.

Subsequently, Tom Lovett, director of the Ulster college, wrote in July to the Northern Ireland Education Department asking for a meeting to discuss the Select Committee recommendations. He says that a recurrent grant of £107,000 per annum is necessary for the college's future survival, while a capital grant of £15,000 would enable



A college for bridging gulfs

conversion of an existing building on the site into a large conference centre and workshop. This would double the capacity of the college and substantially increase student accommodation.

'Who needs it?'

To his amazement he received a letter from a senior civil servant, Marcus Dobbs, questioning the need for a Ruskin style college in N. Ireland and asserting that courses similar to those provided by the college were available at local authority institutions and at the Ulster Polytechnic. Announcing that no further government money would be forthcoming — a £13,000 grant was made in the first year — Dobbs asserted it would be 'more equitable and cost-effective in public expenditure terms, to direct any additional funds, if such become available, towards the existing base of provision and to avoid unproductive duplication'.

Barry Hugill

Wandsworth: more tales of assaults on inmates

INFORMATION from prisoners indicates that serious assaults against prisoners are continuing in Wandsworth prison *(see* NS *feature article 14 September).*

According to the latest information, a young white prisoner, described as a 'skin head', was assaulted by prison staff on 21 October. It's alleged that the prisoner, who hasn't been named, was dragged from his cell by 12 prison officers, punched and kicked, then carried face downwards from the landing, down the stairs to the ground floor.

Prisoners say that he was carried in such a way that his face was knocked against the steps. One informant says it's a particular group of prison officers who are carrying out the alleged assaults. This informant stresses that he himself has never been assaulted or abused.

Prisoners also allege that black prisoners are subjected to particular harassment. In one recent incident it's said that the group of about half a dozen prison officers gathered at the door of a black prisoner's cell. They shouted 'black cunt' and 'black bastard' at him.

'Pressure on blacks'

Prisoners say that when the black prisoner lost his temper and shouted back, he was assaulted by the group of officers. It's said that he suffered a broken nose and was put in the punishment block.

One prisoner says 'there'll be real big trouble if the pressure on the blacks don't stop' — Wandsworth is known to have a large proportion of black prisoners.

A report on Wandsworth compiled by the Prison Inspectorate and handed to the Home Secretary in January still hasn't been published. Based on a routine inspection carried out in 1982, it's known to contain one specific recommendation concerning the punishment block at Wandsworth. This calls on the governor and the medical officers to ensure proper supervision of the block.

The Inspectorate visited the prison again this year and has let it be known that it is ready to re-visit if invited to do so. The unusual offer is believed to indicate serious concern about conditions in the prison.

Terry O'Halloran

Following the revelations in the New Statesman *the London Programme is currently working on a major investigation into conditions at Wandsworth.*

Pit villages Xmas appeal

£5 buys a filled stocking for a miner's child; £250 buys Christmas dinner for 200. Can you help at either end of the scale, or anywhere in between? Even money for saws to cut wood where there's no coal to be had is vital. Women Against Pit Closures have launched an appeal on behalf of the pit villages to bring Christmas relief from the 'desolation' referred to in the recent Dawdon Miners Distress Centre (County Durham) report that 30 per cent of striking miners are 'destitute'. Cheques, P/Os please to **Miners Christmas Appeal, c/o Women Against Pit Closures, National Union of Mineworkers, St James' House, Sheffield 1.**

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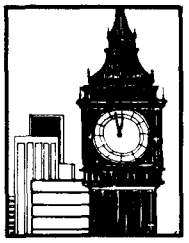

PETER KELLNER

With enemies like these, who needs friends?

TWO APPARENTLY minor episodes last week have provided glimpses of one of politics' juicier sights: the Liberals at odds with the SDP.

In his party political broadcast on television, David Steel referred only glancingly to the Alliance; and at the end of the broadcast, for the first time since last year's general election, the customary pictures of the two Davids together were not shown. The Liberals were treating David Owen rather as the Kremlin treats disgraced generals: by making him a non-person and removing him from his place on the podium.

To show that feelings are reciprocated, last week's edition of the *Social Democrat*, the SDP's weekly organ, ran a story headlined 'Poll shows SDP ahead of Liberals in popularity stakes'. It reported that 'research carried out by the Gallup polling organisation in October shows the SDP with double the popular support given to the Liberals'.

The report was true as far as it went. Gallup, like other polling organisations, arrives at its 'Alliance' figure by adding together those who say 'Liberal', 'SDP' and 'Alliance' in response to their standard question: 'If there were a general election tomorrow, which party would you support?' October's figures found the Liberals with 6 per cent, their lowest support since January 1979, while the SDP had 12 per cent. 3.5 per cent said 'Alliance', giving a Liberal/SDP total of 21.5 per cent.

Unfortunately for the *Social Democrat*'s intrepid reporter, this report appeared on the same day as Gallup's November findings appeared. 'Unfortunately' is not, perhaps, quite the right word, for the poll showed Liberal/SDP support up two points at 23.5 per cent. For SDP enthusiasts, however, the more important point is that the 'Liberal' and 'SDP' figures were roughly equal, at 9 and 10.5 per cent respectively. October seems to have been an aberration.

I promise to lay polling evidence to one side in just a moment, but there is one more exhibit to bring forward. Owen is now vying with Steel as Britain's most widely approved party leader. At the beginning of the year Steel had a clear lead; the latest polls put the two men no more than two points apart.

Since politicians — whatever they say on television — follow poll ratings avidly, the impact of these findings has been considerable. Until recently Steel reckoned that he had three things going for him in his dealings with the Social Democrats: the Liberals had the larger party, the greater volume of public support and the more popular leader. Now the second and third of those assets have disappeared; for a few days it even looked as if the SDP had decisively overtaken the Liberals in public esteem.

Hence the partisan headline in the *Social Democrat*; hence Steel's equally partisan approach to his broadcast. Despite this week's 'relaunch' of the Alliance leadership, the jealous rivalries between the two Davids are as great as ever; and the main political concern of each just now is to manoeuvre for a position of dominance over the other.

They deny it, of course. In public they insist that the Alliance love affair has never been more passionate. Such statements should be regarded in much the same way as sensible mortals treat Edward du Cann's undying affection for the Prime Minister, or David Basnett's statements in support of the miners' leadership: such are the exigencies of public life that a fair amount of fibbing is necessary to keep the show on the road.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, a special urgency at the moment to the battles within the Alliance. The struggle is now being waged to decide whose candidates will fight which seats at the next general election. To those outside the Alliance this seems an arcane, even irrelevant issue; what does it matter whether the candidate beaten into third place wears an orange Liberal rosette or a red-white-and-blue SDP one?

It matters to the Liberals and Social Democrats, though, and not just at local level. Two issues are at stake; their resolution will have a profound effect on the future development of the two parties.

The first issue concerns the overall number of seats that each party fights. Last year they fought almost exactly equal numbers. The SDP would like to keep to that arrangement; the Liberals, however, believe that, as they are the larger party, it would be both fairer and electorally more effective for the Liberals to fight the larger number. Steel himself endorsed this view in July when he spoke at the annual meeting of the Association of Liberal Councillors.

Senior Liberals say that at least 50 seats should be transferred. But for the SDP to concede anything on this scale would be tantamount to conceding that the Liberals are the senior partners in the Alliance. So the SDP continues to fight for near parity.

The second issue is even more contentious: whether local Liberals and SDP members should be allowed to hold joint meetings to select candidates. The Liberals are keen, both because they outnumber SDP members in most places, so the outcome would normally favour Liberal applicants, and also because they see joint selection as a step towards a merger of the two parties — or, to put the point more ruthlessly, the takeover of the SDP.

Not surprisingly, Owen does not think much of this idea. There is another reason why he dislikes it. For him the difference between the two Alliance parties over cruise missiles is not just an awkward tactical problem. It represents a fundamental disagreement over Britain's place in a nuclear alliance. He fears that SDP applicants at joint selection meetings would either stand by him, in which case they would not be selected, or they would trim to the Liberal position, in which case Owen would become isolated.

Owen's passionate opposition to joint selection was most starkly revealed in an argument over who should fight Saffron Walden. This is a seat where there are many more Liberal members, and where Liberal candidates in the past have performed respectably. But after much haggling, it was awarded to the SDP last year. Its candidate achieved an increase of only 4.4 per cent on the Liberals' 1979 share — one of the lowest Alliance increases in Britain.

Recently, local Liberals and SDP members agreed to hold a joint selection meeting to choose their candidate for next time. So appalled was the SDP leadership by this prospect that it insisted the local party hand the seat back to the Liberals, rather than hold a joint selection. It is now possible that joint selection will take place anyway; this is planned in a number of 'Liberal' seats, and there is little the SDP nationally can do to stop it. But they are standing firm on the principle that it must not happen in 'SDP' seats.

That, anyway, is what Owen wants. Fortunately for those of us who wish the Alliance ill, he is having some trouble getting his way. The Welsh SDP has, roughly speaking, told London to get lost and has agreed with Welsh Liberals on joint selection in a handful of seats. And even within the SDP's National Committee the issue has provoked the most splendid pyrotechnics. At last week's meeting Owen lost his temper and came close to threatening his resignation as SDP leader. He shouted that he could carry on without the party, but the party would be finished without him.

Although Owen bullied Shirley Williams, the party's president, into deferring a vote on the issue — a vote Owen might well have lost — the issue will not go away. Roy Jenkins, in particular, has a fresh lease of life these days. He likes the idea of a Liberal-SDP merger, and loathes Owen. He is happily making common cause with others who favour a merger and who want the doctor brought down to size.

After almost 18 months of shadow boxing, the gloves are now off — both inside the SDP, and between the two parties. Hold tight for an exhilarating winter. □

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THE HYPING OF BRITISH TELECOM

This week the media and a massive advertising campaign are helping the government sell off BT. Christopher Hird analyses the reality behind the image that has been presented to the buying public. Financial research by John Rentoul

FOUR YEARS ago Basil Blackwell, the Oxford publishers, produced a new book in their Mainstream Series — *Public Enterprise in Crisis*. The series was Blackwell's contribution to the resurgence of market theory's influence on policy. (The series' editors included Lord Blake, Leon Brittan, Jo Grimond and John Patten and its previous authors included Stephen Haseler, Paul Johnson and Timothy Raison.)

Public Enterprise in Crisis was sub-titled 'The Future of Nationalised Industries'. Its penultimate chapter made it clear where the future lay: 'Pushing Back the Frontiers of Nationalisation'. The chapter on the Post Office — which then owned Britain's telecommunications system — was particularly trenchant in its criticisms.

In particular the author drew attention to a widely recognised failing of the British telephone system: 'its dependence on outdated technology'. The problem was this: it relied heavily on electro-mechanical switching, when most modern telecommunications systems were investing heavily in computer-controlled electronic systems. The British machinery was — in telecommunications terms — slow, hard to maintain and offered the consumer very limited services. The cost of Britain converting to the up-to-date technology would be 'prodigious' and, the book lamented, make the financial performance of the Post Office look even worse after the investment was made.

The interest of this book now lies in its author, Dr John Redwood — then, an Oxford academic and City councillor; now, an adviser to Mrs Thatcher. So far as I have been able to establish, Redwood has remained silent in recent weeks as the pubic flotation of British Telecom approached. The uncomfortable truth is that what he said four years ago is still true.

THE PUBLIC rehabilitation of the British telephone system is one of the more breathtaking achievements of this government. With the prospect of perhaps a million individuals applying for shares in British Telecom, it is the equivalent of the British public being persuaded that our weather is, after all, not too bad and that perhaps we should stop complaining about it. After spending about £7 million on advertising, British Telecom and the government have apparently succeeded in persuading people that the very telephone about which they complain so much (and so justifiably) is about the hottest high technology property on the stock market.

The reality is a little more sober. A study of the telecommunications business*, published in the same year as Redwood's book, painted a detailed and convincing picture of a corporation weighed down by the incubus of a managerial culture inherited from the days when it was part of a government department. This is almost certainly part of the explanation of why Britain has such an out-dated telephone system — for years the business was in thrall of the the British telecom manufacturers, who found it a soft touch for easy profits.

And, as Douglas Pitt points out: 'History teaches that change within an organisation of the size and complexity of the Post Office will naturally be gradualistic.' Although undoubtedly recent management changes in British Telecom, and the split from the postal business, will have helped to change the business's culture, in such a short period of time the change cannot have been substantial.

And one thing cannot be changed in that timescale: British Telecom's technology. The company has just under £3½ billion worth of assets. Although the published figures do not say what proportion of this total is accounted for by the old electro-mechanical equipment, it is clearly substantial: just under 70 per cent of BT's local exchanges use this technology. As British Telecom themselves admit: 'Electro-mechanical switching equipment has thousands of moving parts which are costly to maintain and cause faults such as crossed lines, crackles and wrong numbers.'

But the switch to digital equipment is only just beginning. Last year investment in digital equipment accounted for only £39 million, out of total investment of £1,454 million. British Telecom faces a major investment programme — and the indications are that it will need to be financed by the shareholders in the new company and that it may have to be even greater than British Telecom currently estimates.

IF YOU WADE through the 60 pages of the BT prospectus for the sale, you can discover that it plans to invest £1,800m this year and the same amount in 1986 and 1987. This is some £450 million more than the company expects to generate in profits and other funds. BT will have no difficulty in borrowing to fill the gap, but this cannot go on year after year, as the prospectus makes clear:

> British Telecom's plans allow for capital expenditure of about £1,800 million in the current financial year and it expects to fund such capital expenditure out of funds generated from operations. BT's plans for the next two to three years are for a broadly similar level of expenditure.

In fact, on past form the spending may be much higher. BT often ends up spending more than it forecasts: £1,434 million in 1984 — compared with £1,154 million committed at the beginning of the year. Why, then, do all the City pages in the press say that BT shares are cheap? The shares have been set at a price which, for private

BT directors cash in

BRITISH TELECOM's directors have put up their salaries and signed contracts with the company to safeguard their jobs in advance of privatisation. The chairman, Sir George Jefferson, will get paid £94,000 this year, up 63 per cent since 1982. The average salary of the 10 executive directors is nearly £59,000, a rise of about 36 per cent over last year.

But one of the first things the BT board intends to do after the sale is 'to implement substantial increases in the salaries of the executive directors to levels commensurate with those prevailing in other commercial companies', according to the prospectus. (For example, Sir Kenneth Corfield, chairman of one of BT's main suppliers and competitors STC, got £201,000 last year.) But Chancellor Nigel Lawson needn't worry that they will price themselves out of jobs. All the executive directors have signed contracts which take them to the age of 60 (in the case of the four under-57s, the contracts are for three years, extendable until 60). These contracts can only be terminated if directors are ill or incapable for 26 weeks in any 52, or commit a 'breach of their responsibilities'.

Indirect costs

In addition to the direct costs listed in the box on p.9, there are also huge hidden costs which are also being borne by the taxpayer for the benefit of BT shareholders.

1. BT's pension fund

A £1,250 million shortfall (plus interest) in BT's half of the Post Office pension fund, which was split between the Post Office and BT last year, is being made up by the taxpayer. This gets British Telecom out of an agreement to pay annual instalments until 1992. Last year it paid £212m, so in today's prices this saves about **£1,500m**

2. Debts owed to the government

British Telecom financed heavy investment in new technology in the past by borrowing from the government. The interest burden on the debt has been eased by rescheduling it (BT's 'new capital structure'). This will be worth £110m in the private company's first year, and less thereafter. A very rough total **£750m**

3. Accounting changes

The 'useful lives' of assets for accounting purposes have been shortened. The effect of this, comments the *UK Accounting Bulletin*, is that: 'Some £584m which should, under standard accounting practice, have been charged against profits arising after privatisation, has been charged against opening reserves.' Thus the share price (reflecting the value of assets including reserves) is lower, and profits higher. **£584m**

**The Telecommunications Function in the British Post Office*, Douglas Pitt, Saton House.

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The Gravy Train

1. Advertising campaign
Like so many others, this figure is a secret. Press speculation is that Dorlands (a Saatchi & Saatchi subsidiary) and Dewe Rogerson (a City public relations firm) spent between them **£7m**

2. Payment by instalments
You pay 50p per share now, 40p in June 1985 and 40p in April 1986. Equivalent to an interest-free loan by the government to all British Telecom purchasers. Notional cost of lost interest at 9 per cent per annum **£230m**

3. Perks for punters
You get one voucher, worth £18 off your phone bill, tax free, if you hold onto the minimum 200 shares until you pay your second instalment, which will cost you £180, and more vouchers if you buy more shares, although if you buy more than 800 you'll have to wait longer. Or, if you hold onto up to 4,000 shares for three years you'll get a free share for every 10 you own. If at least 1 million people buy an average of 400 shares, these perks will cost the government **£52m**

4. Employee incentives
Free shares worth £70 to all 240,000 employees (£16.8m); £200 a head to an estimated 200,000 employees who will take up the three-for-the-price-of-one-offer (£40m); 10 per cent discount on a further 7½ million shares (£10m). Total **£67m**

5. Commissions
UNDERWRITERS. Merchant bank Kleinwort Benson gets £13m for underwriting the 86 per cent of shares sold in the UK, which it will divide between itself and the other 14 merchant banks who are underwriting the offer: Warburg, Barings, Charterhouse Japhet, Robert Fleming, Hambros, Hill Samuel, Lazards (a subsidiary of S Pearson), Morgan Grenfell, Rothschild, Schroder Wagg, plus the merchant banking arms of the four high street banks. The remaining 14 per cent of shares are being sold abroad, and three syndicates will be paid about £17m for underwriting the issue in the US, Canada and Japan. **£30m**

SUB-UNDERWRITERS. City institutions sub-underwriting the offer get 1.25 per cent of the shares they promise to buy if the issue flops (£19m), but also, uniquely, will get 1.5 per cent on shares they buy for themselves (£28m). **£47m**

RETAILERS. Actually selling many of the shares will be banks, solicitors, accountants and other approved dealers, who will get 2 per cent on the first £10,000-worth they sell and ½ per cent on the rest (banks get 1½ and ¼ percent respectively). If a third of the shares allocated to private investors are sold this way, estimated cost **£4m**

6. Administration
In addition to being paid for underwriting, Kleinwort Benson (see 5) get paid for acting as 'advisers to H.M. Government' on the sale. Solicitors Linklaters and Paines are handling the legal side of the sale, while Herbert Smith will get paid for drawing up underwriting agreements. Four firms of stockbrokers are in charge of the flotation, and a further 18 are acting as 'regional co-ordinators'. Lloyds Bank is the registrar bank (in charge of sorting out applications), with the other main clearing banks in a supporting role. Accountants Peat Marwick Mitchell are 'policing' the issue (trying to weed out multiple applications). The Department of Trade and Industry says that the amount all these firms get paid is a matter of 'commercial confidentiality'. **CONFIDENTIAL**

British Telecom will pay merchant bank S.G. Warburg for financial advice, and BT's solicitors Slaughter & May will get paid for work on the legal contracts involved. This will come out of the £8.4m which is what BT is paying. All the rest (above) is being paid by the taxpayer. It comes to over £450m.

investors, make them almost irresistable. The considerable incentives (see above) to invest in the company are unparalleled and for telephone subscribers in particular potentially extremely rewarding.

The significance of the courting of the private investor should not be underestimated. To some extent it is the result of expediency: there has never been any share sale remotely approaching the size of the £4 billion BT sale. There must have been a genuine concern on the government's behalf that the financial institutions wouldn't come up with that much money. The general public had to be recruited.

But it is also clear that there was a political purpose — the extra shares which may be given to people who remain investors for three years will come straight from the government's holding in the company, a measure of its commitment to the idea. That idea is to create a new class of shareholders and a new enthusiasm among the public for investing in shares. In this respect the flotation is in the same tradition as the sale of council houses and the government's policy towards companies such as BL and British Steel. It is a determined attempt to change the expectations and perceptions of the British public. A million people (the most optimistic estimate) owning shares in BT will not make 'Everyman a capitalist' — there are more than 20 million adults in the country — but it will begin to spread the word.

Not that the government's advisers were letting talk of the share-owning democracy go to their heads. A whole-hearted commitment to that principle would logically lead the government to satisfying the demand for shares from private investors first, with the large institutions coming second. But this will not happen: only 39 per cent of the shares are allocated to what Kleinwort Benson — the government's bankers for the issue — artlessly refer to as the 'retail sector'. (And a quarter of these are reserved for BT employees.)

Although this represents a massive £1½ billion of cash, it shows that Kleinworts are not running the risk of proposing anything so unpredictable as a telephone system controlled by the public at large. Indeed the eventual share register of BT may not look that much different from other large British companies: a large proportion of shares held by the general public, but not excessively large.

IN SHORT, the BT sale is a hype. The business on offer is somewhat more tawdry than the image. The share-owning democracy — though extended — is somewhat short of a popular underwriting of BT. And the overwhelming requirement of the government is the raising of finance. In pursuit of this, a major part of Tory rhetoric has been conveniently forgotten: competition.

Most commentators recommending the shares have noted that BT is a privatised monopoly, often comparing it with American utilities. But there is one critical difference: the system of regulation proposed to curb BT would be laughed out of court in the more regulation-minded US.

BT will in future operate its telecommunications business under a licence from the government. For the first five years of its independent life the price of inland calls and rentals is only allowed to rise by 3 percentage points *less* than the rate of inflation. However, within this, BT's policy is to 'adjust prices for its various services in line with costs.'

A clear indication of what this will mean in practice came on the first of this month when residential telephone rentals and local calls rose by more than the rate of inflation. Until now BT has been run as a public service in the sense that no attempt was made to discover the relative profitability of different sorts of calls in different areas of the country. This will now end, with the introduction of a new accounting system and 24 management districts throughout the country.

The effect of this will be to end the element of cross-subsidy which existed before. Thus, for example, city users helped pay for those in the country, business helped pay for domestic users. Indeed, the effect of privatisation is likely to mean substantial relative increases for domestic subscribers. BT may face some competition from Mercury — the rival communications system — in the business market, forcing down prices. But there is no equivalent competitor over the whole system, so that in residential telephone lines BT will have a complete monopoly.

The only protection against BT exploiting its monopoly position in the residential market is the newly set up Office of Telecommunications (Oftel). This is run by Professor Bryan Carsberg, a professor of accounting from the LSE. Carsberg has a series of potentially conflicting duties, many of them written in very vague terms.

For example, the Director General of Oftel has 'a duty to act in the manner best calculated to secure, so far as practicable, the provision throughout the United Kingdom of telecommunications services which satisfy all reasonable demands on them, including certain community services, and the ability of operators to finance those services.'

A tremendous amount rests on the meaning of 'reasonable demands', 'so far as practicable', 'ability of operators to finance'. These are highly judgmental phrases and will be interpreted by Carsberg in the context of his overall job: 'the over-riding objective of Oftel is to promote the development of the telecommunications industry and enhance the effectiveness of its contribution to the UK economy'.

What BT perceives as being of benefit to the British economy — price rises to provide the finance for investment in the most advanced satellite system, perhaps? — may not accord with the interest of the British economy as perceived by millions of telephone subscribers. It is hard to imagine, for example, the Director General of Oftel campaigning against a price rise — as the Post Office Users National Council did — when he has to consider the industry as a whole. It is particularly hard to imagine, given that he advised the government on the privatisation of BT and clearly shares many of the perceptions of those now in charge of the company. □

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WHAT'S NEIL UP TO?

Peter Hain reviews Neil Kinnock's performance

NEIL KINNOCK has recently enjoyed an unexpected surge of praise in the mainstream press, the *Financial Times*, for example, reporting on how his 'second parliamentary session as Labour leader appears to have got off to a flying start...Mr Kinnock's shares have suddenly soared.' His attacks on the Tories have been sharper, his speeches have had more substance and Tory MP morale has sagged just as that of Labour MPs has jumped.

But if his standing has risen in the House of Commons, has it been slipping in the House of Labour? Although conventional punditry would suggest a conflict between the Labour leadership's external credibility and its internal Party popularity, the choice before Neil Kinnock cannot be posed in those simplistic terms. His major dilemma in taking Party members with him is his lack of a real power base in the Party.

Nobody should be surprised if he ignores criticism from Party members on the Left who never supported his candidature, who have been sniping ever since he won 14 months ago and who now sense an opportunity to attack him openly. The real question is whether he is listening to the broad Left which last year recognised he was the only credible leader among the four candidates standing — and which was honest enough to say so rather than pose in 'leftist purity' from a safe distance.

This 'broad Left' consists of people who try to operate strategically; who aren't suffering from amnesia about the scale of the 1983 defeat; who understand the immensity of the task of reversing the long-term decline of Labour's electoral base; who recognise Neil Kinnock's considerable ability to communicate socialist ideas in a popular way.

They are people who never had illusions that he would deliver all the Left wanted, partly because the Left's base outside in society is so weak. But they are also people absolutely determined not to go back to the bad old days when Labour leaders took the Party for granted, leading *despite* it rather than *with* it. If Neil Kinnock doesn't carry them with him, then his leadership will fail, the Party will polarise between the Right and the ultra left, and will risk being cast into the electoral oblivion from which it so narrowly escaped last year.

For Kinnock's powers of communication are not, in themselves, strong enought to leap over the anti-Labour barriers created by, for instance, IRA bombs or picket line violence. For that he needs a party of 'communicators', taking up the arguments and campaigns in places no lone Labour leader can reach. Right now the position inside the Party is not promising, as several recent events emphasise. Many if not most of those who supported his leadership candidature regarded his refusal to speak at the NUM's rallies as a kick in the teeth for the miners just when they needed support the most.

Admittedly, the invitation, issued through the NUM and Labour's National Executive Committee, was made in a transparently sectarian manner, almost calculated to provoke a rejection. An emergency meeting of the NEC was fixed at a time it was known Kinnock could not attend, and he was issued with a virtual ultimatum — suggesting that those responsible were using it to fight internal Party battles rather than to advance the miners' struggle.

Nevertheless, he would have gained wide respect among miners and Labour Party members at least if he had ignored this and spoken to at least one of the rallies, sending Shadow Cabinet emissaries explicitly on his behalf to the rest.

Of course Labour leaders have to look to a wider audience than party and union activists

Stefano Cagnoni/IFL

Durham Miners' Gala in August: not many smiles now

alone — that is what they are elected to do. And this particular miners' strike would have caused headaches for *any* Labour leader. But, even leaving aside the principle that a Labour leader should be supporting a struggle as crucial as that of the miners without prevarication, by boycotting the rallies Neil Kinnock is in danger of allowing himself to be made a scapegoat in the dispute.

Then there was the one-person-one-vote debacle at the Party conference, where there was a complete failure to listen to those on the Left who actually want his leadership to work, who favour the principle of involving more members in the Party's decision-making process, but who knew the amendment for one person-one vote favoured by Kinnock was a real dog's breakfast.

Another case in point was the switch in those who chair the important sub-committees of Labour's National Executive. What were the criteria involved in selecting them? Competence doesn't seem to have been a major factor: with all due respect to Syd Tierney of the shopworkers, for instance, it is not blindingly obvious that he will make a more dynamic chair of Home Policy than Doug Hoyle, a member of the so-called 'soft Left'.

Neil Kinnock has been understandably frustrated by some on the NEC Left whose attitude ot policy presentation and organisation has been frankly primitive. They appear to set higher store by political posturing and indulging in the sport of leader-bashing than fulfilling their responsibility to turn the Party's ramshackle organisation into an effective, campaigning vehicle for socialism.

But his votes on the NEC committee chairs have come across simply as a straight move to dump the Left. Few knew, for example, that he actually wanted feminist Jo Richardson to stay as Women's Committee chair. In the event, he abstained on that vote, which gave the position to Renée Short who has no involvement with the women's movement, because he was relying upon the centre and right to deliver the votes on the other sub-committees and they have already decided to oppose Richardson.

The Shadow Cabinet elections also showed how the absence of a broad Left power base in the party is pushing Neil Kinnock towards dependence on the Right. It is more of a 'Hattersley' body than a 'Kinnock' one, as evidenced not only by the balance within the Shadow Cabinet, but also that of junior frontbench appointments such as newcomers Stuart Bell and Tony Blair and the exclusion of people like Clare Short.

If the rival Left Tribune and Campaign groups had been as disciplined in agreeing a common slate as the Right, the Shadow Cabinet results could have been very different. But the former has been drifting ineffectually and the latter prefers the luxury of oppositionalism.

SO LONG as the Left of the Parliamentary Labour Party continues to be so divided and lacking in any coherent idea of what it wants to achieve, it is difficult to see Neil Kinnock being surrounded by frontbenchers more in tune with Party policies and the politics of its activists.

These problems were discussed on 17 November at the annual general meeting of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, a left-wing pressure group of Labour Party members. Last year the LCC supported his leadership candidature, but a common complaint at the AGM was: 'Neil Kinnock seems to be trying to win the next election without the Party.'

The temptation to do that may be considerable, because the Party's political practice remains anachronistic. Its method of deciding policy is logjammed, lurching from rhetorical conference motions to bureaucratic sub-committees. There is little serious consideration of strategy, whether in terms of establishing priorities within policies or long term campaigning to rebuild popular support for socialist ideas.

The NEC has shamefully neglected its national organisational responsibilities, and presides over a directionless, demoralised headquarters. Locally, far too many constituency parties are trapped in a cycle of endless, tedious meetings — as if passing resolutions makes socialism.

The fundamentalist 'hard Left' is frequently as much to blame for all this as the Right, the carping criticism at NEC meetings of the new party political broadcasts being a case in point. ▷

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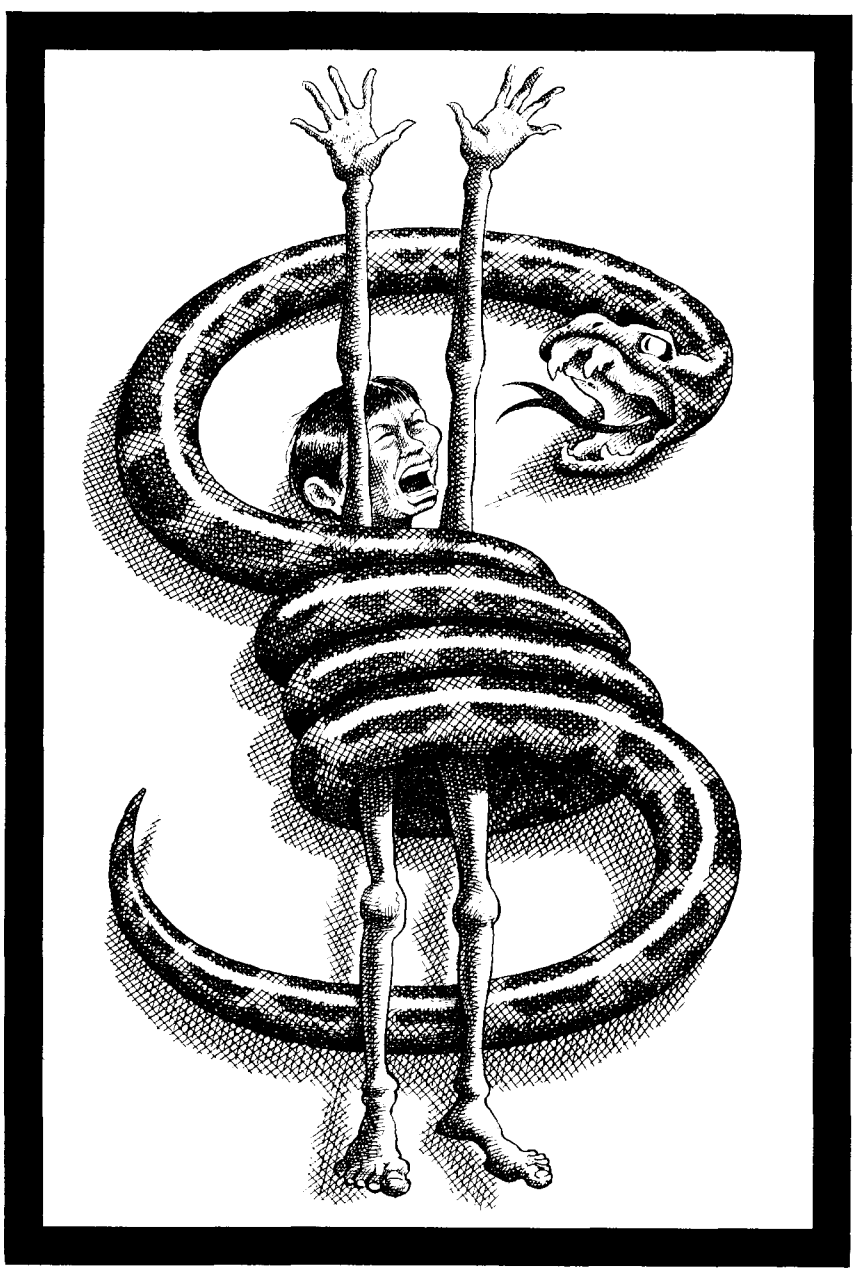
SOARING INTEREST RATES: WHO REALLY PAYS?

For the poor in the Third World, the debt crisis is not something to read about in the newspapers. It is a matter of survival.

Hunger has always been rife; but it is now reaching an inconceivable scale. We have all seen the horrifying pictures of Ethiopia today, but severe hunger is not confined to that one corner of Africa; 500 million go hungry every day. (That's the size of the entire population of Europe.) And the figures are on the increase. Yet a look at the past decade's economic policies shows that the rich countries of the North have much to answer for.



Financial Collapse

In 1973, the price of oil doubled twice. The poorer nations had no alternative but to borrow heavily from the banks of the industrialised world. The banks were eager to oblige; they were enjoying large surplus funds from the oil-producing countries who had raised the price in the first place.

Then in 1979 the unthinkable happened: interest rates charged by the major banks started to soar and the price of oil doubled again.

Already hopelessly in debt, and now in the shadow of world recession, many developing nations were brought to the brink of financial collapse.

Trapped

Fearing the impact such a collapse would have on the world monetary system, the rich banks brought in the IMF and jointly agreed new loans. But as these loans only covered the interest payments they were mere paper transactions.

Furthermore, the loans came on condition that Third World governments cut back on spending and build up exports. In some countries these harsh policies have eased the debt problem for the banks. But the sacrifices in human terms have been severe. Land that should be feeding people is producing food for European and North American consumers. Thousands of acres are being devoted to raising crops for European livestock, whose milk and butter end up as part of the rich world's food mountains. Health care, already basic, is now seriously threatened. And government projects such as irrigation schemes have been abandoned.

Such austerity measures have had a drastic effect on the poor. They are scarcely able to feed themselves. They are trapped in an economy where inflation soars. And they face a daily struggle to survive. Many don't.

In fact 40,000 children die through hunger every day. Which is why Oxfam has launched a new campaign.

Hungry for Change

We've called it 'Hungry for Change'. And it stems from a conviction that change is not beyond our reach. Because by publicising the injustice of world hunger, we can attempt to penetrate the barrier of the developed world's indifference. But we need your support.

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We'll be inviting you to campaign with us. And we'll tell you how you can raise funds for projects designed to help the poorer people help themselves. Please give us your support. And please fill in the coupon. Because every one of us has it within our power to help. But only together can we turn back the tide of hunger.

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The impression is sometimes given that these critics would prefer to see the leader blinking into an autocue reciting composite resolutions, rather than attempting to communicate socialist values in a television age.

One of Neil Kinnock's strengths is he does recognise the vital importance of modernising Labour's appeal. But his attempt to alter the Party's approach to the electorate will founder if he does not carry the broad Left with him; there is a particular suspicion of new ideas, a wariness of breaking with old ways of orgainising on the Left, in case there is some ulterior motive to 'shift the Party to the right'.

What is at issue here therefore goes beyond the old socialist problem of leaders who 'always sell out the rank and file'. That is partly because that part of the Labour Left which wants to get a socialist government that wins, and exercises power, has gone beyond the defeatist assumption that the Left must always fail because it will always be betrayed. The issue is redefined as whether the new Labour leadership — elected for the first time by the whole of the Party — can build a relationship with local activists that is different from the past. One in which there is an acknowledgement of the distinct and different roles which each must play. Where there won't always be agreement, but where there can be mutual respect. Where there can be the trust that springs from accountability.

In Neil Kinnock's case this is especially important. His sweeping leadership victory last year was achieved without being captive to any faction. That was in many ways a strength. For, although the Left is now dominant in the Party, there is (and will for the foreseeable future remain) a significant right wing, mostly based in the unions and the PLP. And the fact that Neil Kinnock was previously something of a 'loner' within the Left meant he was potentially well placed as leader to take the *whole* Party with him in making the radical changes Labour needs if it is to rebuild popular support for its policies.

But it was also a potential source of weakness. While he had very *broad* support prior to his election, this was also very *shallow* — to an extent he perhaps underestimates. He now needs close working links with leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union, NUPE and the National Union of Railwayworkers — who with others constitute a powerful new trade union Left. He cannot continue to rely on the centre-right of the NEC to the exclusion of potential left-wing allies like Michael Meacher, Tom Sawyer and David Blunkett. He needs to involve the broad Left in parliament and in local government. He must settle for nothing less than a radical shake-up of party headquarters under a new general secretary who actually manages the party efficiently. Above all, he needs to give local activists the feeling that they really are part of a new generation building support for socialism rather being consigned to the traditional role of passive supporters.

Without the breadth of support and goodwill that elected him being translated into an organised power base on the Left, it is hard to see how his leadership, already markedly different in style, will end up actually being different in quality and substance from that of his predecessors. □

TORIES

CRANLEY FINALLY MAKES IT

Monitor

Andrew Roth profiles the new 1922 chairman, Cranley Onslow (above)

IF TORY backbenchers are primarily interested in persistence, loyalism, partisanship, class consciousness, anti-Communism and an insistence on being 'reactionary but right' (for example in fighting overseas aid), then they were right to reward 58-year-old Cranley Onslow with the chairmanship of their umbrella organisation, the 1922 Committee.

On the 1922 Committee since 1967, with only brief breaks while in office, Onslow has been dedicated in recent years to ousting Edward du Cann — its chairman for 12 years.

For one of his 'Establishment' background, Onslow is astonishingly crude in his overt class consciousness. He openly defends cuts in income tax to enable the middle class to buy Jaguars, foreign holidays and private education for their children. One of his clash points with du Cann was over Onslow's insistence that MPs ought to be 'underpaid and be seen to be underpaid', while making up the rest of their income as directors and consultants. He now lists four — one being Bristow Helicopters, for which he lobbies unashamedly, as he has in the past for British Aerospace, many of whose Weybridge executives live in his Woking constituency.

His tendency to perform as a backfiring blunderbuss has made Tory leaders chary of using him politically. Although pro-EEC and well-briefed on aviation from the time he first entered the Commons in October 1964, Ted Heath initially bypassed him when looking for a junior Minister in the field when forming his June 1970 government, preferring the safer Fred Corfield. Not until April 1972 did he get his first chance in government as Under Secretary for Aerospace. Although Mrs Thatcher used him as deputy opposition spokesman on Defence, 1975-76, she did not offer him a job after the 1979 election. He only stepped into the Foreign Office breach for a year, 1982-83, as Minister of State replacing Richard Luce, who retired over the Falklands fiasco. Onslow did not stay when Luce came back and Mrs Thatcher reshaped her government in June 1983.

Given his establishment links — the first of three Onslows to be Speaker of the House of Commons sat in 1566, he is related to the Earl of Onslow, his wife, Lady June Hay is sister to the Earl of Kinnoull — Onslow has surprisingly not inherited the traditional 'consensus' caution of others, like Francis Pym.

His fiery anti-Communism, which sometimes smacks of McCarthyism (though he shows no particular admiration for the US), is typical of those who have filtered into politics from MI6. Onslow went into the 'firm' — the Secret Service — in 1951, after Harrow, Sandhurst and Oriel College, Oxford. He was posted to Rangoon, with the diplomatic cover of Third Secretary; and then to border-watching at Maymo, as Consul. In 1956 he was posted back to London. In 1960 he left for 'journalism' and to become the Director of a never-named 'news agency with interests in India'. (The Foreign Office and MI6 often use a 'news agency' in poorer countries with struggling journals to plant propaganda and serve as a base for agents — such as the Arab News Agency in Cairo, 'blown' in the 1970s.)

Such connections and his background helped him land the safe Tory seat of Woking, when Harold Watkinson decided in 1963 that he preferred to be Lord Watkinson and devote all his attention to business.

Onslow has regularly 'gone over the top' with his anti-Communism. In April 1967, he tried to trap Harold Wilson into saying that Labour MPs would *not* be put under surveillance, *even* if identified as being in clandestine contact with a security suspect. But that phase lapsed. Then in December 1977 he aligned himself with the Rhodesian-born rightwinger, Stephen Hastings, in demanding a full inquiry into the charges of the Czech intelligence defector Joseph Frolik that he had had as his British 'agents' John Stonehouse and five trade union barons: Lords (Ted) Hill, Briginshaw, Scanlon and Jack Jones; and Ernie Roberts (then better known as an AUEW Assistant General Secretary, before becoming an MP).

He was careful to repeat these baseless allegations under cover of Parliamentary privilege. The previous year, though, he had been unwise enough to attack Brian Sedgemore MP as 'a boil on the bottom of the Labour Party — painful to live with, better not mentioned and best kept out of sight'. He went on to allege in a speech to his Woking party, handed out by Conservative Central Office, that Sedgemore was part of a Marxist conspiracy to infiltrate the Labour Party to capture and overthrow British democracy. The local paper, threatened with a libel action, apologised.

While a painful lesson, it has not taught Onslow to moderate his language or avoid gaffes. During the 1980 argument over boycotting the Moscow Olympics after the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, he referred to the British Olympics chief, Sir Denis Fellows, as having a 'thick skull'. During his year as a Foreign Office minister, Foreign Secretary Francis Pym had to correct Onslow when he said in Quito that the British garrison in the Falklands would be quickly withdrawn if the Argentines promised not to invade.

But his worst known gaffe came in Harare in January 1983, when on a delicate mission to Zimbabwe Speaking to the British-Zimbabwe Society, he said Britain was getting on well with *Rhodesia*. □

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INFERTILE DEBATES

Behind the moral arguments over experiments on embryos, there lies much specious science, James Le Fanu argues

'YOU KNOW they are going to use In Vitro Fertilization to allow transsexuals to have babies', a red-bearded priest warned me at a warm-up party for the Commons debate on the Warnock report this Friday. 'Oh yes, and where do they intend to implant the . . er . . embryo?', I asked. 'In the bowel'. 'Might that not have some unfortunate consequences?'

The opposition to IVF and embryo experimentation has become so obsessed with the 'pandora' box of horrors it believes the new techniques will bring that it seems to have started believing its own fantastical stories. The prospect of fertilization between different species or the threat to the family from growing embryos completely outside the womb would indeed be fearsome, if the predictions were realistic. Yet so far only the apparent integrity of scientists has been set against warnings about slippery slopes leading to Nazi-style experimentation.

Such doom-laden prophecies will not establish the case for scientific work to be subject to society's control. The probability is that, albeit with some huffing and puffing, Warnock's recommendations will be well received by the House of Commons.

This is a pity as it means that the clearcut argument against embryo experimentation will have gone by default. This is simply that the proposed areas of research will not produce the benefits the protagonists claim for them. Indeed the Warnock report, so lucid in other areas, is coy and even contradictory in its discussion on experiments.

The report cites the 'potentially beneficial areas' of research as 'the detection and prevention of inherited (genetic) disorders and the alleviation of infertility', and talks of situations where there is 'no substitute for the use of human embryos' — the study of Down's syndrome and 'the specific effects of drugs or toxic substances on human tissues.' Close scrutiny of these proposals, however, shows that either the use of human embryos is inappropriate or that the use of embryos from other mammals would suffice.

IVF, it has been suggested, might be of value in preventing genetic disease by deciding in advance where a person or couple was at risk of creating an abnormal child. The woman's egg would be fertilized in vitro. One or two cells from it could then be analysed for the genetic defect with a 'gene probe', a technique known as 'embryonic biopsy'. If the defect were present the embryo could be discarded; if the embryo were shown to be normal it could be reimplanted in the ordinary way.

But given the relatively low success rate of IVF, the likelihood of achieving a successful pregnancy after this type of interference is so low (estimated to be about 5 per cent) that it would not be worthwhile. This is especially true because there is already a satisfactory way of diagnosing genetic disease very early in a pregnancy through the technique of Transcervical Aspiration.

Here conception is allowed to take place naturally (itself a bonus) and then at six weeks gestation a small cannula is passed through the cervix to take a few cells from the flourishing placenta (or trophoblast). If analysis of the cells shows the foetus to be normal the pregnancy can proceed naturally. If not, the woman can choose an abortion. This procedure, not IVF, will remain the sensible and humane solution for those who do sanction abortion. For those who do not, IVF is no solution either.

The inappropriateness of IVF in eradicating genetic defects is openly acknowledged in the Warnock report: 'It is unlikely', it says, 'that embryonic biopsy will become a feasible method of determining abnormal embryos for some considerable time'.

The report is even blunter in assessing the value of another of its suggestions, the use of embryos to test the toxicity of drugs: 'We feel strongly that the routine testing of drugs on human embryos is not an acceptable area of research'. Not only would large numbers of embryos be necessary but the idea that anything of value can be learnt from looking at the effect of a drug on the thin layer of undifferentiated cells that constitutes the 14-day-old embryo is absurd. This type of work is best done on more mature embryos of other mammals.

What about Down's syndrome? It is indeed unique to humans, but as any textbook makes clear the presence of the extra chromosome that causes this condition arises not at fertilization but from a faulty division of the egg while still in the ovary. If it were thought possible to prevent the condition, attention would have to be directed at the egg *before* fertilization.

THAT LEAVES research into the 'alleviation of infertility'. Infertility is a wide field, but as far as IVF is concerned it essentially means doing experiments in the hope of improving its own success rate. This would be useful were the limitation to that success rate fertilization of the egg. But it is not. In fact fertilization has never been a problem. The main frustration for the early pioneers of IVF was that they could fertilize any number of eggs, but could not get the embryo to implant in the uterus.

And that is where the problem remains. Current fertilization rates are described as 'excellent' (around 80 per cent); it is difficult to see how experiments on embryos could solve the problem of priming the womb to receive them. It is known that very early in its life the embryo starts to secrete hormones which, it has been hypothesized, might be important in this process of implantation. Even if this were the case and they could somehow be manipulated to improve the implantation rate, this has not so far been demonstrated in other mammalian species. Such evidence would be a prerequisite of attempting it in humans.

It might appear odd that Warnock's suggested areas of research do not stand up to scrutiny. After all one would expect a new technique such as IVF to throw up a whole new series of scientific questions that need answering. But IVF is more of an empiric advance than a major intellectual breakthrough. There is an enormous difference between the technical problems posed by removing an egg, fertilizing it and reimplanting it in a woman's womb and the study of the scientific mysteries of the early events of embryonic life. IVF has created an immediate moral dilemma because, as a practical technique, it gives scientists power to interfere in the process of reproduction. But the argument has been diverted down false paths such as philosophical discussions as to when exactly the embryo becomes sentient or what the time limit for experimentation should be.

The effect of the obscurantism surrounding experimentation is to ensure that while the public and the Commons feel they are discussing weighty dilemmas the scientists remain free of a threatened social control of their activities.

It is something the scientific community is very sensitive about, bruised as it has been over the last few years by allegations that many animal experiments done in the name of science have been cruel and pointless, pointing to the need for closer public scrutiny.

The Professor of Pharmacology at Oxford University, Sir William Paton, in his recent book *Man and Mouse*, suggests that such scrutiny could be obviated if a few requirements were fulfilled including: 'that if experiments are to be done they must be "good science" well designed, tackling significant questions, shaped so as to produce definite answers. If science is not good animals are wasted.'

MPs should substitute the word 'embryos' for 'animals' and enquire whether in the field of embryo experimentation this requirement has been fulfilled. If it has not, then such experiments should be forbidden. □

This England

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□Taxidriver Andy Tinkler was approaching a railway level crossing near Paignton in Devon when he saw a schoolboy being hoisted 20ft in the air by one of the barriers. 'I don't know if he was mucking about or if he had got his clothes caught,' he said. — *The Cab Driver* (Gerald Bauring)

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SEAMS OF AGREEMENT

Very early on, the miners' strike evolved into a class battle where both sides wanted to win a symbolic or political victory over the other. In lieu of such a victory, are there areas of common ground where issues fundamental to the future of the coal industry can be negotiated, and resolved? Jimmy Algie and William Foster found that there were

THE COAL dispute appears intractable because neither side can agree on any common ground and each wants to win a decisive victory, not least because it wants the political consequences it hopes will follow from such a victory. And yet, in an experiment run by Brunel University, representatives from the NUM and NCB did come together through an aid called the Priority Decision System (PDS) and did achieve some resolution of the strike. Their success has yet to be ratified by Messrs MacGregor and Scargill.

PDS is a general decision-making method with supporting computer programme. It was developed by Work Sciences Associates and Brunel University for use in conflicts of every kind and had recently been used to resolve several actual industrial disputes which had proved intractable to customary methods of negotiation.

Several moderate and hard-line representatives of the NCB and NUM decided to try out PDS. They were perhaps more interested in evolving their own negotiation strategies than in finding the best achievable solution. Nevertheless they achieved a joint solution without even meeting.

The representatives of both sides were senior staff members of the NCB and NUM. They were fully cognizant of the views and positions of the two principal negotiators on every aspect of the dispute as well as the details of past negotiations, which some had attended. Most of the representatives from both sides thought PDS could certainly be used to resolve the dispute if used by the principals, and should be so used. But several were sceptical as to whether their own leaders would be prepared to take the steps needed to find a resolution.

Why can PDS succeed where human negotiations fail, presupposing there is a desire to find a resolution? Partly because the disputants need not meet face to face, so problems of personal antagonism, maintaining 'face' and the public unity of your side, and having to calculate quickly across the table don't come into it. But partly also because PDS can tease out of each side the areas where there is in fact common ground — or at least space for negotiation — which is customarily obscured by

The tables show the options listed separately by each side and weighted by PDS in relation to all the arguments

What are the options?

Options	NCB priority	NUM priority	Joint priority
1. Close all disputed pits	20.7	0.8	10.8
2. Additional NCB investment in coal	4.7	13.3	9.0
3. Additional NCB investment in miners	2.8	10.8	6.8
4. Close no disputed pits	0.8	12.4	6.6
5. Closures now for moratorium on further closures in principle	3.1	8.0	5.6
6. Close some disputed pits (with job transfers	8.4	2.6	5.5
7. Stricter safety criteria for closures	7.9	1.9	4.9
8. Phased closure of disputed pits	8.4	1.2	4.8
9. 'Mothball' disputed pits	1.9	6.9	4.4
10. MacGregor delegates negotiations	1.5	7.2	4.3
10. External arbitration for closure of disputed pits	1.9	6.7	4.3
10. 1 year moratorium on all closures	4.3	4.3	4.3
13. Joint NUM/NCB analysis of disputed pits, with NUM veto	0.8	7.4	4.1
14. No closure now for closure agreement in principle	5.7	2.2	3.9
14. MacGregor and Scargill delegate negotiations to others (to achieve unconditional negotiations)	5.2	2.5	3.9
16. Joint NCB/NUM analysis of disputed pits, with NCB veto	5.7	1.8	3.8
17. Regional decentralisation of authority for negotiations on closures	5.9	1.2	3.6
18. Transfer disputed pits to another organisation	3.0	3.7	3.4
19. NCB diversification into other industries for mining communities	2.7	3.7	3.2
20. Scargill delegates negotiations	4.7	1.3	3.1
All options	100	100	100

A joint package

Options	Joint priority
1. Additional/alternative NCB investment in coal	12.6
2. Additional/alternative NCB investment in miners	9.5
3. Closures now for moratorium on future closures	7.8
4. Close some disputed pits, with job relocations	7.7
5. Stricter safety criteria for closures	6.9
6. Phased closure for pits over 2/5 years	6.7
7. 'Mothball' disputed pits	6.1
8. External arbitration for disputed pit closures	6.0
8. 1 year moratorium on pit closures	6.0
10. No closure now for closure agreement in principle	5.5
10. MacGregor and Scargill delegate negotiations	5.5
12. Joint NUM/NCB analysis of disputed pits	5.3
13. Regional decentralisation of negotiations	5.1
14. Transfer disputed pits to another organisation	4.8
15. NCB diversification into other industries	4.4
Options	100

Who has the power?

Options	NCB priority	NUM priority	Joint priority
1. Absolute NCB authority on closures	27.3	0.6	14.0
2. Absolute NUM veto on closures	0.9	21.8	11.4
3. Ultimate NCB authority over short term	15.9	1.0	8.4
4. NUM veto on redundancy and powers to influence recruitment	4.8	11.9	8.3
5. NUM consulted on NCB policy decisions	6.5	8.1	7.3
6. NUM consulted prior to any closure proposal	10.8	2.9	6.8
7. NUM veto on closures over short term	1.3	12.3	6.8
8. NUM veto on closures over larger term	10.8	1.1	6.0
9. External review (with NUM veto)	1.2	10.6	5.9
10. Binding external review	4.8	6.2	5.5
11. NUM/NCB joint powers on investment decisions	0.5	10.1	5.3
12. NUM veto on some aspects NCB policy	3.3	7.2	5.3
13. External review followed by binding secondary arbitration	5.5	3.6	4.5
13. External review (with NCB veto)	6.4	2.6	4.5

What are the criteria for each side?

Options	NCB priority	NUM priority	Joint priority
1. Long term NCB effectiveness	19.5	5.2	12.3
2. Coal industry status	17.4	4.3	10.8
3. Avoiding future conflicts	18.3	2.8	10.6
4. Keeping pits open	3.0	13.4	8.2
5. Getting back to work	4.8	10.9	7.9
6. Job protection	2.8	12.7	7.8
6. Achieving mutually acceptable outcome	8.2	7.3	7.8
8. NCB powers	9.9	4.0	6.9
9. NUM status	1.6	10.9	6.3
10. NUM powers	1.0	10.7	5.8
11. Immediate NCB effectiveness	7.7	3.3	5.5
12. Leaving room for manoeuvre	3.2	7.1	5.2
13. Reducing government influence	2.6	7.4	5.0
Criteria	100	100	100

Jimmy Algie and William Foster are the Co directors of Work Sciences Associates and the Management Decision Programme of Brunel University.

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a concentration on winning the absolute position. It is a difference between a symbolic victory and a gain of substance. PDS can do this by breaking down an absolute position into its component options and interests and calculating which of these can be negotiated.

To begin with each side separately states its views and options. PDS weights all the options from the most to the least likely in the light of the arguments. It eliminates completely unacceptable options on both sides. The solution is to be found from among those options left.

This first stage usually takes about 15-40 minutes. If there is no solution, the same process is replayed but in more detail. Each side lists its options, offers and interests; each is interrogated for internal consistency. All are weighted and classified to produce a set of issues on which negotiation can take place.

Both sides, of course, defined the issue differently. For the NCB it was 'closure of uneconomic pits'. For the NUM it was 'unemployment and the break up of work groups and communities'. But by listing in priority the range of options in achieving either of these aims they were able to select a number which made up an acceptable 'joint package'.

This is what they produced:

- a one year moratorium on pit closures
- an external review of disputed pits followed by secondary arbitration

And an in-principle agreement that

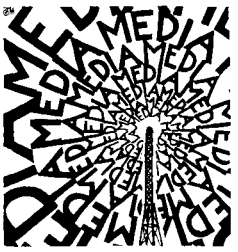
- some disputed pits might be closed on stricter safety/geological criteria (with job relocations)
- some might be subject to phased closure
- some might be mothballed (to reopen later)
- some might be transferred to another organisation (eg an EEC financed miners' co-op)

There would also be joint NCB/NUM plans for alternative and/or additional NCB investment in coal, in miners and in mining communities, this to be backed by the government and/or EEC.

These revised plans would be based on joint NCB/NUM analysis of all the costs and benefits (including social) with joint full access to all available information and the services of two groups of consultants. Investment for coal would be based on a joint analysis of 'beneficial' coal production based on the relationship between five viability factors (geological soundness, safety, current and potential yields, regional social benefits) and five investment factors (costs per current and predicted coal prices, shadow and knock-on costs, regional social costs).

Investment in miners would include job guarantees, job relocation benefits, retraining, apprentice schemes, redundancy grants etc. The investment in mining communities might include NCB diversification into other businesses for those communities and alternative employment provisions for them. Each element would be spelled out in terms of the criteria to be used, what 'beneficial' coal production would mean, and what powers the NCB and NUM would exercise (see tables).

What we can get in the end is not a watery compromise but in fact a exercise in industrial planning in which both NCB and NUM are involved in both protecting their own interests and looking to the long-term future of both industry and community. □



Classics for the upper class

Anne Karpf

EVEN THE most loyal listeners to Radio 3 concede that at times the network sounds as if it still could be coming from one of those old, deco Ecko sets. Announcers with prunes in their mouths, and manners like you took to Court. At its best innovative and catholic, Radio 3 at its worst is High Table radio, relishing its inaccessibility to the plebs.

This isn't just happenstance, or because a few remaining stiff-upper-lip types cling on in the basement of Broadcasting House. Radio 3's donnishness is assiduously cultivated, it seems, according to Controller Ian McIntyre. Last week McIntyre gave a lecture at St John's College, Cambridge, called 'For the Publick Good: Broadcasting and the Universities', in which he reflected on the similarities between the roles of the university and broadcasting institutions.

Now this lecture is rather remarkable. While many (rightly) rail against the excesses of Murdoch and Maxwell, they neglect this other hale species, the defenders of high culture in the media. McIntyre's lecture supplies us with a perfect example of it.

Clearly a follower of Matthew Arnold, McIntyre sees both the universities' and broadcasters' role as transmitting high culture to each generation, drip-feeding them 'classical values'. He quotes approvingly Cardinal Newman: 'The educated man views the tapestry of human life on the right side, the uneducated man views it on the wrong, and instead of a coherent, intelligible colour scheme, sees a mere jumble of disconnected colours.' And if there is one correct or right way (with all its suggestions of moral virtue) to understand society, and another incorrect way, McIntyre knows which he goes for: he declares, after Newman, 'the universities and the best sort of broadcasting are obviously both concerned with the right side of the tapestry.'

As befits the controller of a network which made space for early Beckett and Pinter, he concedes a place for the dissonance and dislocations of modern literature and arts. But for McIntyre, there has been only one real recent challenge to classical values, and that is the dreadful neomodernism in the arts, generated by the New Left. It introduced McIntyre's bogey word, 'relevant', and in its train came a whole vocabulary: "'commitment", "challenge", "participation", "involvement", "structures" — terms as William Walsh put it "drawn from the less conceptual kinds of social science and the more boneless parts of theology".'

Excellence and education — these, for McIntyre, are a value-free part of the eternal verities, and not to be muddled by base attempts to drag in politics or introduce any sordid social purpose. The virtues of the classic aesthetic should be obvious to everyone and, if not, they should be taught — by dons and broadcasters—to appreciate them.

It's a familiar refrain: one class, race, and gender asserting that its mental products and values are natural and universal, rather than self-interested and historically and culturally specific. Dominant values parading as civilising, and transcending of petty sectarianism and faddishness. Cultural imperialism dresses up as Everyman and takes a walk.

McIntyre's world is clearly evoked by his lecture, packed with sardonic aphorism, studied elegance, displays of bookishness, and liberally quoting the sort of Oxbridge fellows who celebrate the cultural detachment of dreaming spires. It's the world of gentlemen's club, Church, public school, army, Oxbridge, and Empire — scarcely a hint of the messy reality of the 1980s, or of conflicting social interests.

Not surprisingly, he wants broadcasters to 'stand apart' from the social order, to deploy balance and impartiality to prevent the rude intrusion of politics into broadcasting. But his conception of the social order is revealing. He despises the crudities of 'Blankety Blank' and the uncontained spread of the 'journalistic ethos'. He's with Leavis, who praised those cultural traditions which would check 'the blind drive onward of material and mechanical development'.

But this isn't McIntyre-the-Marxist, lambasting the unrestrained search for profit, and the commodification of contemporary life. It's a defence of the old order, against brutish modern incursions: it's port and Milton, against punkery and computer games. It is frank and unashamed elitism: 'I think that if it is to serve the public good to the top of its bent some of the intentions of a proper broadcasting organisation must also be elitist — just as those of Covent Garden or the MCC or the Royal Society are'.

It is no mere linguistic convention that McIntyre referred throughout his lecture to 'man', however much he might protest the 'man-includes-woman' line. The institutions he praises and invokes are the crucibles in which the norms of masculinity are formed. The women's movement has analysed and challenged the notion of universal, natural, classical values, whose male, WASP, and class origins are concealed. McIntyre is right to discern affinities between Oxbridge and the BBC — and I write as one who's been dunked in both: each, for the most part, reflects and reproduces those values.

So when we mobilise to defend the BBC and public service broadcasting, as we must and do, we should also tarry to consider its ideological aspects. As it stands, is it all, root-and-branch, defendable? □

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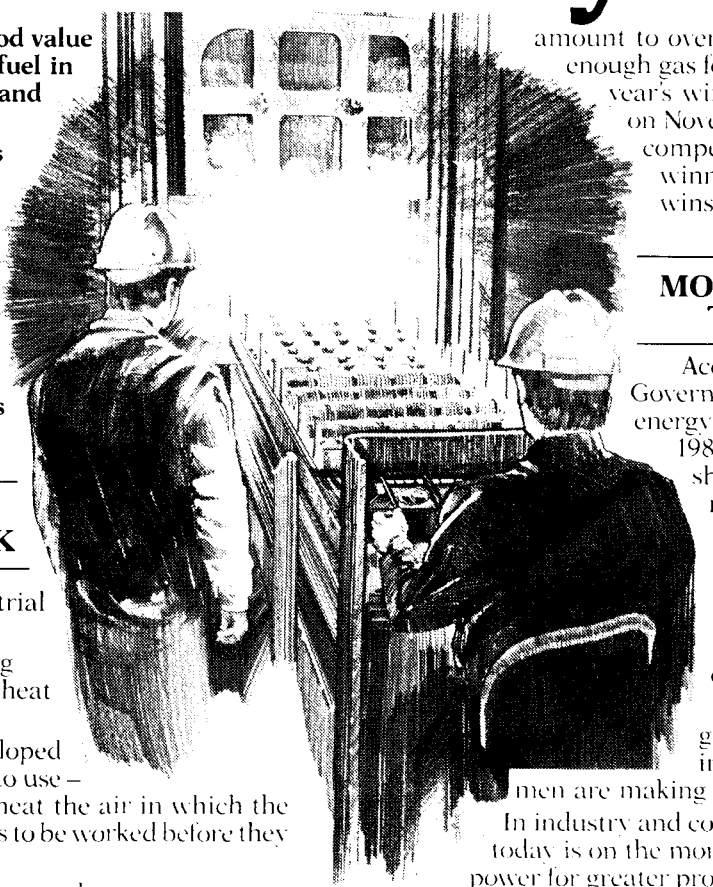
The gas people– investing in tomorrow's world today

The fact that gas is such good value makes it today's most popular fuel in British homes – and a powerful and growing force in industry, too.

In fact, gas already supplies over a third of all the heat used by British industry.

As this proportion grows, the nation will benefit increasingly from the investment the gas people continue to make on behalf of their customers in developing and encouraging more efficient ways to use this premium fuel.



NEW PROCESS PUTS WASTE HEAT TO WORK

All high-temperature industrial processes produce waste heat.

For instance, in some forging furnaces over 70 per cent of the heat is wasted.

So the gas people have developed ways of putting this waste heat to use – notably by employing it to preheat the air in which the gas will burn, or to heat materials to be worked before they enter the furnace.

In this way, reduced fuel demands can create very valuable savings – 40 per cent or more in many cases.

The latest and most efficient application of this principle is a regenerative ceramic burner which offers even greater fuel savings, since it is capable of using virtually all the heat that would otherwise be wasted.

THE COMPETITION EVERYBODY WINS

Eight years ago, to encourage the efficient use of energy, British Gas introduced their Gas Energy Management awards.

They recognised significant contributions to energy conservation in industry, commerce and public administration.

Since then the cumulative annual savings made by all the entrants amount to over 100 million therms, enough gas for a fair-sized city. This year's winners will be announced on November 28th – but, in this competition, every entrant is a winner – and the nation wins, too.

MORE INDUSTRIES TURN TO GAS

According to provisional Government figures for UK energy consumption in 1983, gas increased its share of the industrial market, even though industrial gas consumption fell by 0.3 per cent.

But industry still spent over £1,300 million on gas.

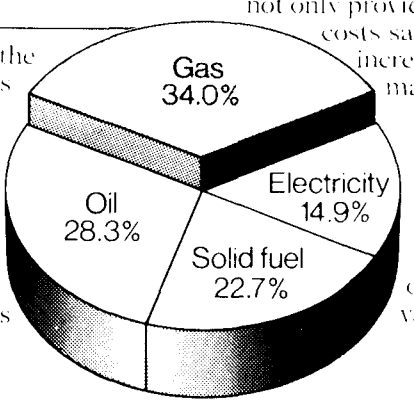
So it is good news, for gas customers, and industry's, that businessmen are making more efficient use of gas.

In industry and commerce, the emphasis today is on the more efficient use of fuel and power for greater profit.

British Gas are at the forefront of this trend, through their multi-million pound R and D programme and the technical consultancy services they provide to industrial and commercial customers. But such investment in tomorrow is only possible because the profits British Gas creates today are all ploughed back into the business.

New developments in the more efficient use of gas not only provide obvious benefits in the form of fuel costs savings for gas customers, but also bring increased opportunities for employment – by making British industry more efficient.

They provide export opportunities and much business in home markets for those companies which are collaborating with British Gas in the development and introduction of the new technologies. So investment by the gas people on behalf of their customers is paying off in a whole variety of ways – to the nation's benefit.



†Shares of industrial fuel market 1983)

Britain's got a wonderfuel future!

Gas

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DIARY

Am I alone in thinking that the Labour leadership may have fatally misplayed its hand on the miners' strike? From the beginning I've argued for a ballot as well as for the necessity of a miners' victory. As I see it, this puts me to the left of Scargill. Formally speaking, Neil Kinnock and others seem to share this assessment, in fact they have distanced themselves to the right of Scargill. In effect they presumed from the start that the miners *will* lose and have acted to minimize the damage to themselves, balancing electoral liabilities off against the need to retain credibility within the labour movement. The unspoken axiom of this theorem is that Labour can bounce back after the miners are crushed. Indeed, the leadership seems to have feared that a miners' victory would be Scargill's alone. In fact success — or a good compromise — will be the men's not the man's. While equally it will be impossible simply to scapegoat Scargill personally if there's a debacle. For a defeat will surely transform the place and role of unionism. Predictions are unwise in British politics, but if you publish a diary you must chance your arm. In my view, then, the traditional, union-based Labour Party will never again be returned to power on its own if the strike is smashed. At the start Kinnock should not only have called for a ballot, he should have offered to campaign in Nottinghamshire for a 'yes' vote, in order to help secure the basis for successful solidarity. He should have insisted upon and really worked for a victory that we can see — despite the gloom — could have been won. As it is, many now feel that he has failed to lead the struggle against Thatcherism.

○

To emphasize my own distance from Scargillism, not only do I think that some pits ought to close for economic reasons, I have a formula to allow this to happen. It should be conditional upon the agreement of a majority of the miners and their wives in the pits concerned, by secret ballot. This would give those with a larger family stake in the community more of a say than the inherently more mobile single miners, which is fair. In addition, the more a pit 'loses' the more it becomes worthwhile for the NCB to offer exceptional closure payments on top of redundancy money, so as to swing the vote. How could even the Thatcherites object to that?

○

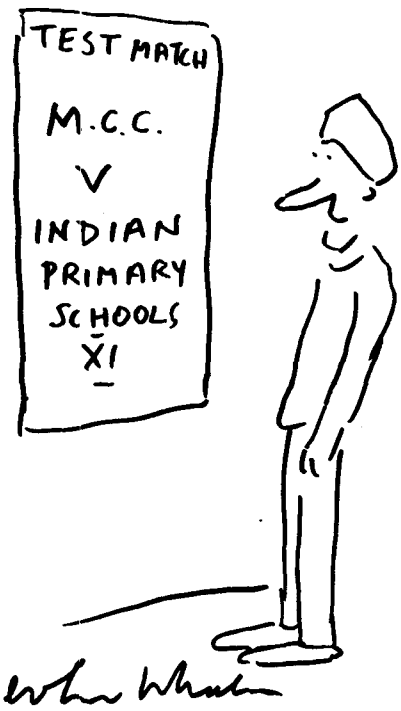
So the Fabians are 100 years old. In case we didn't believe it, they have published a centenary collection: *Fabian Essays in Socialist Thought*, edited by Ben Pimlott. I went to the launch party for the book in the ballroom of the St Ermin's hotel — whose lobbies have witnessed many an abortive parliamentary conspiracy. Pimlott praised his contributors for their 'defiantly unfashionable beliefs' and proudly emphasized that 'like the last Labour manifesto, arguments in one chapter are flatly contradicted in the next'. The editor was followed by the Leader, who was not so much unfashionable as old fashioned in his claim that 'decent and progressive values are widespread in our society'. Neil Kinnock's timing was fluent and faultless. But when the most junior member of the audience — a precocious four-month old — howled in protest, Kinnock joked that it must be a Young Conservative. It was Ben Pimlott's son.

○

Most of the contributors I've encountered deny being Fabians. 'Who me?' But Paul Hirst, whom I re-met at the party after a long decade, gruffly proclaimed 'Yes, I'm a Fabian.' (But then he's not a contributor.) He explained that the Labour Party had to have brains somewhere. It certainly has some in Anne Phillips, whose careful denunciation of fraternity in the new volume should be of lasting influence. Wearing a 'Coal not Dole' badge, she was anxious about having tapped out such a message on her BBC micro at the time of the miners' strike. I salute her courage.

○

By popular demand I return to the disaster of the Great British Electrical Plug. Of all the remarks I have managed to make in this diary



over the year, none has aroused a more profound sigh of gratitude than my short breach in the conspiracy of silence; for finally saying in print what so many had felt with impotent rage each time they fitted an electric gadget. Yet I thought no more of it until yesterday, when once again I had to fit a plug and found myself cursing. Most readers will know what it's like. The screwdriver that fits into the recessed screw to undo the plug is too thick to bite on the three smaller screws that hold the wires. Then the other screws that hold the clasp to prevent the wires from pulling out themselves fall out. The manufacturer has left the lead showing three lengths of wire, but they are too short. You make them longer by trimming back the casing on the main cable, and while the earth now reaches, there is no room for the new length of the live wire, because of the fuse. How many hours have been lost thus fiddling?

○

Strangely, I was also reminded of the Fabian essays, or rather the reflections of Steven Lukes who emphatically and refreshingly welcomes the end of consensus politics. Those who embrace consensus believe that we are a nation of 'essentially moderate' people and that good sense prevails, especially among those who know how to rule (so much experience, you see). In fact consensus is a gloss for lazy greed. It means conserving the irrelevant, rejecting useful improvement, imposing foolish rules, ignoring necessary ones: it means over-pricing, restrictive practices, ignorance of real life. It means rotten council estates and grouse shoots. It means the Great British Electrical Plug. Oh, it's safe. Don't get me wrong. Nothing is less likely to give you a shot in the arm, but for this, please note, we should be grateful. To whom? I want to know. To whom should we be grateful? Can readers help by naming the committee who designed and legislated it and who have now decided to make matters worse? Where is the Duncan Campbell of the British plug?

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Archbishop of Cant

'What pains me about this is not that it embarrasses the Tory government. It is that it cheapens the Church.' — John Selwyn Gummer, chairman of the Conservative Party, in a sermon attacking bishops who criticise government policy.

The Church's one foundation
  Is Little Johnny G.
He unifies the nation
  By pissing in the sea.
Though *Jubilate Deo*
  Is something he approves,
The fault of Galileo
  Was saying, 'It still moves.'

'Mid toil and tribulation
  The poor man at his gate
Accepts his humble station
  And bows before the State;
But when the miner merely
  Attempts to save his job,
The Church's duty clearly
  Must be to shut its gob.

To say divisions deepen,
  And say it more than twice,
Can only serve to cheapen
  The Church's market price.
O keep us meek and lowly
  And quick to bend the knee,
That we may be as holy
  As little Johnny G.

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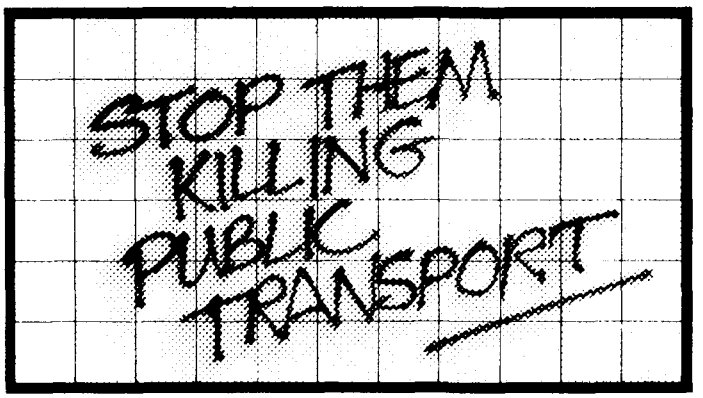

PUBLIC TRANSPORT WEEK

Saturday 24 November – Sunday 2 December

THE EVENTS

Come along to your local events to find out what's happening to Public Transport.

Saturday 24 November

SHOPPERS DAY
Information and entertainment at various shopping centres across London including:-
Wandsworth Arndale Centre, Stratford Shopping Centre, Feltham Shopping Centre, Brixton "Bon Marche" Centre, Woolwich, General Gordon Square.

Monday 26 November

WOMENS DAY 2.00 pm.
Meeting in the Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Women will be showing the LRT Board the problems of a typical journey from LRT Headquarters to Queens Road, Peckham, with two small children and some shopping.
10.00 pm. Reclaim the station; a woman will show the press how dangerous it is using public transport at night, by making the journey from Charing Cross station to Deptford (BR).

Tuesday 27 November

PUBLIC TRANSPORT: LOBBY OF MP's 2.15 pm. Bus cavalcade across Westminster Bridge to rally at Central Hall Westminster at 2.15 pm. Those attending will be invited to lobby their MPs.

Wednesday 28 November

YOUTH AND STUDENT DAY Special events for youth and student day being arranged.

Thursday 29 November

PENSIONERS DAY Special pensioners events being arranged. Leafletting of Post Offices with special leaflets for pensioners.

Sunday 2 December

DISABILITY TRAVEL DAY 10.00 am. Conference at GLC County Hall for 'dial-a-ride' and 'taxi card' users to discuss achievements so far and plans to improve and defend services in the future. **Organised by FOLDAR – for details telephone 482 2325.**

PUBLIC MEETINGS

Day	Borough	Venue
Mon 26th Nov.	Ealing	Princes Room, Ealing Town Hall, New Broadway, Uxbridge Road W5. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Mon 26th Nov.	Lambeth	Streatham Manor Hall, Station Approach, Streatham High Road, SW16. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Tues 27th Nov.	Camden	Small Hall, Camden Centre, Bidborough Street, WC1. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Tues 27th Nov.	Lewisham	Small Hall, Lewisham Theatre, Rushey Green, Catford SE6 Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Wed 28th Nov.	Barnet	Bishop Douglas School, Hamilton Road, London N12. Meeting starts 7.45 pm.
Thurs 29th Nov.	Newham	Lister Room, Newham Town Hall, Barking Road, East Ham E6. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Fri 30th Nov.	Waltham Forest	Mornington Hall, The Green Walk, Off Station Road, Chingford E4. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.
Fri 30th Nov.	Harrow	Victoria Hall, Sheepcote Road, Harrow, Middx. Meeting starts 7.30 pm.

THE ISSUES

Public Transport Week will be warning you against the Government's plans to dismantle our public transport system. Its proposals for London, having just taken control of London Transport from the GLC,now include:

- Fare increases
- Job losses
- Service cuts
- Privatisation

All these decisions are being taken without asking the public and with no accountability.

Be alert, stop the Government dismantling public transport.
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON HOW YOU CAN GET INVOLVED CONTACT:
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Tel: 833 4022

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ARAFAT TRIES TO GO IT ALONE

At short notice the 17th meeting of the Palestine National Council has been called in Amman, Jordan. Scott MacLeod explains the background to the PLO chairman's unilateral initiative.

THE PLACE was Tripoli, Lebanon, exactly a year ago. The man was Khalil Wazir, commander of Fatah and trusted deputy of PLO Chairman Yasser Arafat.

Abu Jihad, as he is known by his *nom de guerre*, squeezed himself into the seat of a small desk in a darkened ground floor school room. It was an admittedly unimpressive rostrum from which to address the assembled score of European and American war correspondents. With mortars, rockets and shells crashing into the deserted streets, Abu Jihad ranted on about the crimes committed against the Palestinian people, the plots hatched against their sole, legitimate representative, the PLO.

That picture of Abu Jihad sitting there in the shadows, while the enemy closed in behind a curtain of shellfire, was a powerful image of what has become of the PLO. The enemies out there, of course, were not the Zionists, the Americans or even the British. This time they were rebel Fatah guerrillas. It was Abu Jihad's own former men firing the cannons in Jebel Terbol, trying to complete their insurrection against Arafat and his loyalist forces.

As he manoeuvered for the 17th Palestine National Council meeting to be held in Amman this week, Arafat seemed no closer to a reconciliation with the rebels; and they no closer to toppling him. His popularity in the Occupied Territories, in the Palastinian diaspora and in the Palestinian political movement remains impressive. But, thanks to their Syrian sponsorship, it is the rebels under Fatah commander Abu Musa who control all existing PLO military positions — for what they are worth, these are either in Syria or in the Syrian-controlled part of Lebanon.

The immediate cause of Abu Musa's revolt was Arafat's unfortunate appointments of Abu Hajim and Haj Ismail to senior commands in Lebanon. But the underlying cause was the long-standing disagreement over whether the PLO should pursue negotiations as a means of recovering at least some of Palestine. The previous 16th PNC session in Algiers 20 months ago was essentially a tussle between moderates and hardliners over two peace plans that were on the table. The first was put forward by King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and adopted by the Arab summit at Fex in 1982. The second was the Reagan plan which, however objectionable, held out the only real possibility of any American pressure on Israel.

Arafat had over the years inched the PLO in the direction of contemplating a negotiated settlement with Israel. The devastating Israeli attack in Lebanon underscored the hopelessness of armed struggle as a means of forcing concessions from Israel. In the 20 years since Fatah's first official commando raid inside Israel, not a square inch of Palestine had been regained. To the contrary, Israel had only seized more Arab lands.

THE HARD-BITTEN Abu Musa saw in the 1982 Israeli onslaught on Lebanon — and particularly in the massacres at Sabra and Chatila — further proof that the Israelis and their American backers could not be trusted. His aim remained the complete liberation of Palestine, and the expulsion of Jews who arrived there after 1948.

Abu Musa's demands as regards Arafat are equally sweeping: 1. removal of Arafat as PLO leader; 2. election of new collective PLO leadership; 3. inquiry into corruption among top PLO officials; 4. unequivocal rejection of the Fez and Reagan peace plans, because they involve recognition of Israel; and 5. resumption of the armed struggle.

Last April, four months after the Tripoli siege, Arafat consented to talks to the rebels through intermediaries to try to achieve a reconciliation. In July, a key face-saving accord was announced by Fatah and the so-called Deomocratic Alliance, which represents two PLO political factions which had sided with the rebels on many points.

George Habash's Popular Front and Naif Hawatmeh's Democratic Front — after Fatah the most important guerrilla organizations — were willing to allow the leadership question to be decided by the PNC, the Palestinian parliament in exile and the ultimate authority of the PLO. Arafat had long insisted on this, partly because it was a democratic process, but mainly because he felt certain it would confirm his leadership. For his part, Arafat apparently said that he would in future consult other PLO factions before making decisions and that he would drop his support of the Reagan plan once and for all.

Regarding this as the subterfuge that it probably was, Syria and the Fatah rebels rejected this 'compromise' deal and blocked any future unanimous agreement to call the PNC into session, insisting that the rebel demands be first conceded by Arafat.

By now unilaterally summoning the 384-member PNC to Amman, knowing that the session will be boycotted by the rebels and other PLO factions who depend on Syria, Arafat is attempting to put the PLO on a dramatic new course. If he gets a quorum and then the endorsement he seeks from the PNC, Arafat would try to run the Palestinian movement without its smaller, more radical factions.

What Arafat would do with a fresh mandate from the PNC has been suggested by his diplomatic moves in recent months. He has met King Hussein in Amman many times, in a resumption of past talks about a PLO-Jordanian confederation, which could form the basis of negotiations with Israel about the West Bank and Gaza Strip, where 1.5 million Palestinians live. These discussions were abruptly broken off in April 1983, when Syrian-backed PLO factions refused to allow further consideration of the possibility of Hussein negotiating for Palestinian lands, which was key to the Reagan initiative.

Associated Press

November 1983: Dug in in Tripoli. Arafat inspects his defences with Abu Jihad (centre)

Arafat has also spoken of transferring the PLO headquarters from Tunis to Cairo. King Hussein's own restoration of relations with Egypt could be the basis for a joint PLO-Jordanian-Egyptian negotiating position.

But Arafat's course is just as likely to have a darker consequences — an ugly civil war between the unreconcilable PLO factions; the assassination of Arafat or King Hussein. And, if Arafat ever finally declares that he is willing to negotiate peace with Israel, it is a foregone conclusion that the Israelis will find some reason not to. □

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THIRD WORLD

MILK MARKETING CONTINUES

John Tanner reports on the battle over baby milk

THE SWISS dairy and chocolate conglomerate, Nestlé, is trying hard to defend its $1 billion market in powdered baby milk by co-operating with its critics.

The multinational also makes its money by marketing products from Findus frozen foods to L'Oreal cosmetics. But it is Nestlé's stake in the infant formula business which accounts for a quarter of its sales and has brought it heavy criticism. By far the biggest supplier of baby milk to the Third World, it is now trying to improve its image, badly tarnished by the controversy surrounding the health hazards and ethics involved in promoting consumption of powdered baby milk.

Regular meetings are now held in New York between Nestlé and consumer groups. This month senior managers are due to sit down with consumers and UNICEF officials, to check on how the company is observing the World Health Organisation (WHO) baby milks code, established in 1981. Last week representatives from Nestlé, WHO and consumers met in Geneva to try to establish when exactly it was legitimate to bottle feed. Predictably, they failed to agree.

The International Baby Foods Action Network (IBFAN) finally called off its seven-year consumer boycott of Nestlé products, after the company promised last January to support the WHO code in the Third World, although not in Europe. The boycott had by then taken a sizeable bite out of sales of Nescafé in the United States. What aroused the church-backed critics in the United States, as well as organisations in Britain such as War on Want and the British Medical Association, was persistent medical evidence that, especially in the poverty stricken slums and rural areas of the Third World, bottle-fed infants are much more likely to succumb to disease.

The voluntary WHO code was voted for by 118 nations, including Britain, but so far has only been fully implemented by 12 of them. In Britain the government has adopted a watered-down version of the WHO code after representations by the manufacturers; the British market for baby milks is shared between Wyeth, Glaxo, Milupa and Cow and Gate.

IBFAN claims that breaches of the voluntary WHO code are still widespread in the Third World. The consumers' groups have compiled a 106-page dossier alleging over 500 breaches of the code by baby milk companies in 12 Third World countries during July and August this year. The unpublished dossier lists violations which range from over-supplying hospitals with free milk powder, to improper labelling of tins and giving expensive gifts to medical staff.

'Nestlé is doing a lot better and now we want the other companies to get their acts together', explained Andy Chetley, newly appointed co-ordinator of IBFAN. Nestlé no longer advertises baby milks directly to the public — in line with the WHO code. But the dossier reveals that there was, for example, a highly publicised gift of 'Nan' baby milk by the company to triplets in Peru earlier this year. The Peruvian president's wife appeared on television to make the donation, says IBFAN. Chetley sees that as a very effective advertising plug. But a spokesperson for Nestlé at the company's Vevey headquarters in Switzerland pointed out that 'giving infant formula to mothers in need with triplets is not against the code'.

Nestlé complains that its market share, traditionally about half of all the baby milk substitutes sold throughout the world, is threatened by other companies who, it claims, are not observing the WHO code so closely.

In September Nestlé's executive vice-president, Carl Angst, agreed to negotiate with IBFAN on a list of 'acceptable' gifts that the company could make to 'health professionals'. IBFAN is prepared to allow cheap pens and calendars, but draws the line at expensive medical equipment. Angst also agreed to apply the WHO code in Europe and to cease giving mothers 'discharge packs' of free powdered milk when the leave hospital, with the important proviso that competitors do the same.

One of those competitors is Wyeth, the makers of *SMA*, the brand leader in Britain, with 45 per cent of sales. In August the *Open Space* television programme showed Wyeth brochures advertising *SMA* to mothers, which is a breach of the WHO code. Spokespersons for Wyeth maintained that they followed the WHO code and that the brochures were out of date.

But it is not only Nestlé competitors that are worrying the baby milk campaigners. They are equally concerned about growing sales of

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

CONFERENCE OF LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND PENAL ESTABLISHMENTS: A RACE DIMENSION

The Greater London Council is committed to racial justice, to the implementation of policies to promote equal opportunities and to fighting racism in society.

The GLC has already supported ethnic minority groups active in the community through its grant-aid programme and also conducted a series of consultative meetings with representatives from a wide range of ethnic minority organisations.

At this conference it is hoped to cover the following areas where Local Authorities do have or should have a possible role:— education; library service; access — with reference to Board of Visitors, religious leaders, etc.; housing; social services; advisory services; environmental health and safety services.

The aim of the conference is to produce a comprehensive policy document on what Local Authorities should be doing to ensure that they incorporate a race dimension into any initiatives undertaken in penal institutions.

The Ethnic Minorities Unit is organising a consultative conference on: Local Authorities and Penal Establishments: A Race Dimension in The Conference Hall, County Hall, London SE1 on Sunday 9 December 1984 — 9.30am-6pm.

Creche facilities will be provided. Lunch free of charge.

For further details and application form, please contact: Maxine Smith on 633 1277.

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weaning foods and tinned milks, which are commonly used in developing countries to feed babies.

The labels on tins of Carnation milk in the Third World state: 'consult your doctor about using this for infant feeding', but the advice is often disregarded. Nestlé has made a takeover bid for the Los Angeles-based company. Carnation is not opposed to the bid and it seems unlikely that the Federal Trade Commission will oppose it on anti-monopoly grounds.

Health workers fear that advertising weaning foods may encourage mothers to stop breast feeding too soon. The IBFAN dossier reveals that the conglomerate advertised 'Cerelac', a cereal-based infant food, in a Philippines magazine this year. It also advertised it on television in Mexico and used TV advertisements for 'Nestum' in Malaysia and 'Nespray' in Zimbabwe. 'We are not deliberately switching our marketing strategy to weening products', insisted the company spokesperson.

Clearly even with a WHO marketing code old habits die hard. This year, boat-shaped feeding bottles with teets at both ends and a picture of a baby on the side, apparently manufactured by Griptight, were spotted on sale in Kenya. 'These bottles are a health hazard because they are so difficult to clear', said a campaigner. Griptight of Birmingham say they stopped producing such 'museum pieces' back in 1960. □

KENYA

PLAYWRIGHT IN EXILE

Amrit Wilson talked to Ngugi about his writing

'I CALL on all ministers, assistant ministers and every other person to sing like parrots. During Mzee Kenyatta's period I persistently sang the Kenyatta [tune] until people said: This fellow has nothing [to say] except to sing for Kenyatta. I say: I didn't have ideas of my own. Who was I to have my own ideas?...If I had sung another song do you think Kenyatta would have left me alone? Therefore you ought to sing the song I sing...This is how the country will move forward. The day you become a big person, you will have liberty to sing your own song and everybody will sing it...Some go roaming about London insulting even Mzee Jomo Kenyatta and many of you merely keep silent saying: We do not even want Kenyatta Day we want to observe Mau Mau Day.'

No, this is not a piece of agitprop against the Kenyan regime, but an excerpt from a speech of President Moi delivered this September. A few weeks later he was more specific about those 'roaming about London'. The Kenyan regime condemned a play by Ngugi wa Thiong'o and Micere Githae Mugo, being performed at the Africa Centre and various community theatres in London, Manchester and Oxford.

The play, *The Trial of Dedan Kimathi*, which completed its British run last Saturday after a month of ovations but an extaordinary lack of reviews in the British press, is Ngugi's first. It is both didactic and intensely moving in its treatment of the trial in 1957 of a well-known leader of the Kenya Land and Freedom Army (Mau Mau) and about the continuity of the anti-colonial struggle into Kenya's neocolonial phase. Ngugi himself, in exile in Britain since the wave of repression which followed last year's attempted coup, admits that it has always been controversial. When first performed in Nairobi, in 1977, it attracted lorry and busloads of peasants determined to see it. The authorities responded by imposing a five-day limit on its run. For Kenyan audiences, says Ngugi, 'every single word matters. They react to it not only in terms of what they see, but in terms of their experience. For them it is like reliving history.'

This history of the peasants and freedom fighters has in itself become a deeply controversial subject in Kenya, because the ruling class consists essentially of those who collaborated with the British. President Moi, for example, was a member of the settler-run

The Guardian

Ngugi: 'Women form the backbone of the peasant resistance'

Kenyan Legislative Council at the height of the Mau Mau struggle. Collaborators, says Ngugi, were on the whole best placed to take advantage of the neocolonial arrangement which came with constitutional independence.

They opened the doors even wider for neo-colonialist interests. Kenya now has a regime acting as a manager for foreign interests — economic, political and cultural. In addition there is the US (and British) military base, established in 1980 in the face of bitter opposition. People who protested publicly were simply arrested. Some, like ex-MP George Anyona, are still in prison without trial.

Not surprisingly such a regime finds the history of Mau Mau struggle — with its demand that land be returned to the peasants — extremely embarrassing. So in the face of public opposition it has tried to distort and discredit it, using intellectuals to 'sing like parrots'. So, as Ngugi puts it: 'You have Kenyan intellectuals mouthing word for word, phrase for phrase, the colonial interpretation of history — "Mau Mau was a civil war, Britain would have given us independence anyway" — words, phrases, which you could have got out of any colonial settler's handbook'.

This chorus of state-controlled intellectuals has made cultural struggle exceptionally important. Songs, dances, drama and poetry have long been used in Kenya as powerful vehicles of protest. Dedan Kimathi himself had earlier launched an open air theatre movement, as a means of rallying support for the nationalist cause. This tradition was taken up in the 70s by Ngugi and others at the Kamiriithu Community Educational and Cultural Centre.

Kamiriithu is a place which illustrates Kenya's recent history. It was established by the British as an Emergency Village, where people whose villages had been destroyed by the security forces for supporting the guerrillas were concentrated under guard. By the end of the colonial period Kamiriithu developed into a labour reserve for the plantations of the area and the factories of Limuru. That is still its role today. Ten thousand landless people live in this rural slum with hardly any facilities, competing for jobs on the plantations, large farms and industrial estates owned by multinationals like Brooke Bond and Bata.

In the late 50s the villagers of Kamiriithu themselves built a small wooden community centre. There the peasants and workers who found themselves betrayed after independence met local intellectuals, who wanted to struggle against foreign control. Among them was Ngugi. Together they set up the Kamiriithu community Educational and cultural Centre (KCECC) with a democratic structure of elected committees, run collectively.

Ngugi's plays were thereafter written collectively. Each play's subject matter would be agreed by the members of KCECC. Ngugi would then write a first version which would be publicly read and discussed. Changes would be suggested not only in the production, but in the analysis of people's lives being presented.

The first KCECC play was *Ngaahika Ndeenda* (I'll marry when I want). The fact that it focused on a woman's struggles was no accident — Kenya not only has many well-known heroines of the freedom struggle, but, as Ngugi puts it, 'women form the backbone of the peasant resistance, frequently playing a leading role as organisers'.

The play had regenerating effect on the villagers. Two hundred people took part in the final performance, but hundreds more were passionately involved in discussing and influencing it. The production became the focus of the community's life. At the same time the villagers built a 2,000 seat community theatre in their own time and with their own materials. The play opened there on 2 October 1977 and after seven weeks of playing to packed audiences was banned by the District Commissioner.

As Ngugi says, Kenya's 'ruling classes were mortally scared... of workers and peasants who proclaimed their history with unashamed pride and who denounded its betrayal with courage'. Ngugi was imprisoned, but the work of the KCECC went on and, when he was released a year later after an international campaign, he returned to write another play with the villagers — *Maitu Njugira* (Mother sing to me) about the history of colonialism in Kenya. The KCECC took the play to Nairobi in February 1982 and, when kept out of the National Theatre, performed it at the University.

The regime responded by expelling the KCECC from its centre, sacking its executive committees and smashing up the theatre built by the people. □

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LETTERS

Kellner goes over the top

Mark Atkinson, London SW18

Peter Kellner's article 'Why Labour's leadership is wrong about Scargill' (*NS* 16 November) left me feeling very annoyed indeed. Mr Kellner, along with dozens of other non-Tory 'intellectuals', misses the central, all-pervading relevance and poignancy of the coal dispute — unemployment.

As a true 'intellectual' Peter Kellner sees fit to reduce large-scale human misery to '. . .broadly three ways of assessing Arthur Scargill and his method of prosecuting the miner's strike'. I feel pretty sure that the 150,000 or so striking miners are not over-bothered about why Labour's leadership is wrong about Scargill, still less will they be losing sleep over '. . .those on the Left who wish to see Mr Kinnock as Prime Minister'. They are far more likely to be worried shitless about losing their jobs and communities — and to wish their leaders to prosecute the strike to a successful conclusion by all means possible.

Mr Kellner has obviously not experienced long-term unemployment, so I'll tell him about it: borrowing a few pence to buy postage stamps; seeking out phone boxes that still accept 5p pieces; shyly buying one egg or two potatoes; watching your hungry child crying beside a revolting smelly paraffin heater; gas and electricity supply put on a coin meter with the inevitable result that, through lack of coins, hours of dark and cold have to be endured; days and months all blurring together into one interminable living hell. That is long-term unemployment — what the coal dispute is all about.

The miners will win this dispute as sure as winter follows summer — the first frosts have been, the first major breakdowns at the power stations go unreported but are, none the less, real, and five long months of damp, cold, darkness lie ahead — the NUM can't lose.

You armchair socialists have a chance to partake in this historic victory by giving all the support you can. A start can be made by letting Mr Kellner 'enjoy' a period of unemployment, after which he can come back and intellectualize about why the miners won — Mr Scargill would be the first to congratulate him, I'm sure.

Anthony Arblaster, Guy Austin, John Palmer, Hilary Wainwright — The Socialist Society

We deplore the fact that, at a moment of great difficulty for striking miners, Peter Kellner should use his column to call for 'Arthur Scargill' to be 'defeated'. What else can Kellner mean by calling for a defeat of Scargill, and his 'deflating' by his own members, than exactly what the NCB and the government have been campaigning for — a return to work and the collapse of the strike?

Kellner falls into the Fleet Street trap of personifying the strike, and the miners' union, in the single person of Arthur Scargill. This is a mistake. The strike, as Kellner himself at first pointed out, was not begun, nor has it been sustained over more than eight months, by one leader, but by 70 per cent of the NUM membership, by their families, and by hundreds of thousands of socialists and trade unionists, inside the Labour Party and outside it.

It is also an error to imagine that there can be any advantage to the Labour Party, or its leader, in the 'defeat' which Kellner calls for. Those who will gain from such a defeat are the Conservative government and its capitalist beneficiaries. A defeat for the miners will be a defeat for trade unionism and the labour movement as a whole. It will give Mrs Thatcher an enormous political boost at the very moment when even many Conservatives are beginning to turn against her kind of politics. That, no doubt, is why *The Times* quoted Kellner's article with such approval in its editorial on the strike last Saturday.

Graham Smith, Bodmin, Cornwall

Peter Kellner's veiled exhortation to striking miners to return to work to save Neil Kinnock's skin should be seen in the same light as his view (June 1983) that North Cornwall socialists should vote Liberal. The Labour vote in North Cornwall actually went up at the last general election, against the national trend.

Peter Kellner writes: for the record, Labour polled 2,096 votes in North Cornwall, 49 more than in 1979. Its share of the total vote increased from 3.8 to 3.9 per cent.

A new lease of left life?

Dave Kitson, Marxism Today

So Mary Trevelyan (Letters 16 November) thinks that those who attended *Marxism Today*'s 'Left Alive' are apolitical dreamers, more concerned with class compromise than acknowledging the existence of class struggle. Unfortunately we have heard it all before; those who pose difficult questions for the Left branded with all the unholy insults imaginable because they attack some of the 'fundamentals' of Marxism-Lenninism.

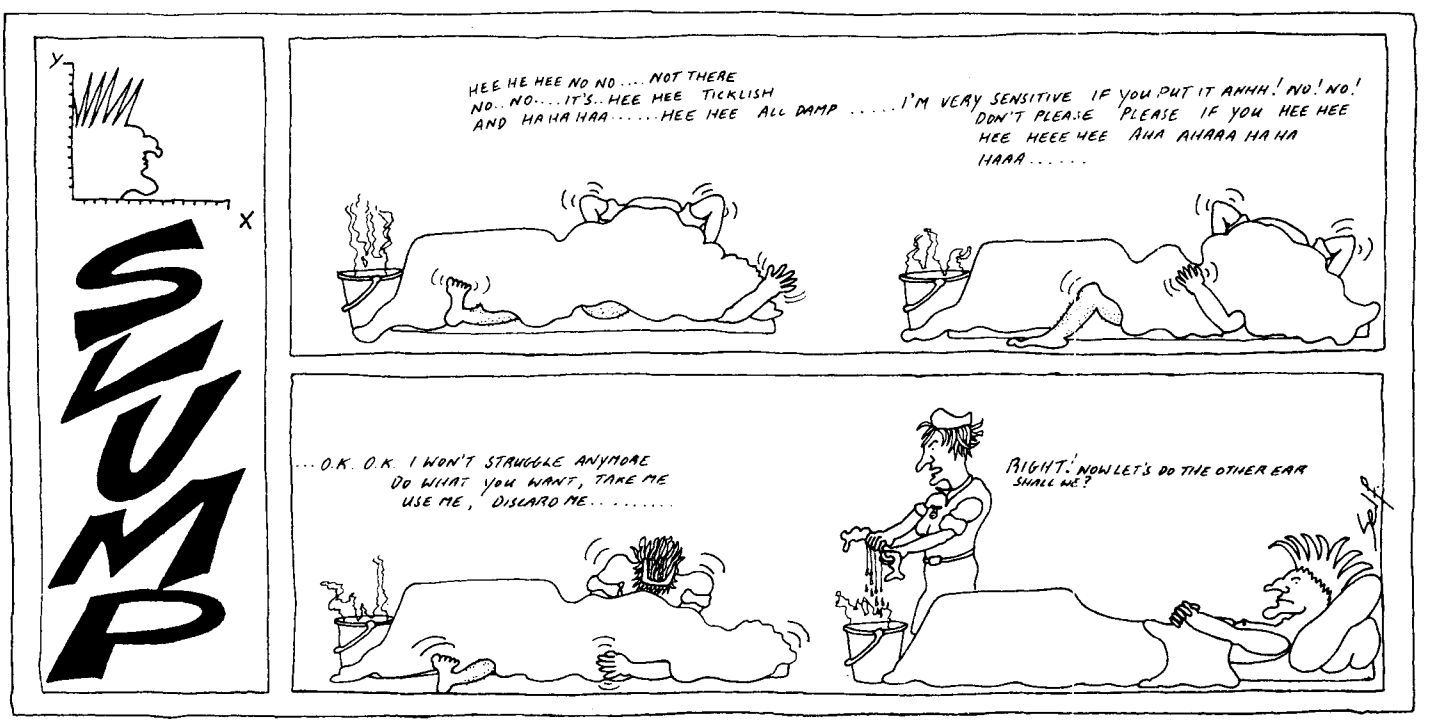
They disagree with fundamentalism because they do not believe in adopting a totally uncritical approach to the socialist countries; because they see the importance of other forces such as feminism and the ecology movement, *as well as* the working class; because they do not always revert back to the classic texts when challenged; and because they see Thatcherism as a force which needs to be analysed, rather than dismissed as 'just another form of capitalism'. In essence, this comes down to a different way of thinking, one of trying to adapt to new conditions, of creatively applying socialist thought, and of trying to weld together a social bloc that can bring socialism that bit nearer.

Although I do not like the term 'enlightenment' (which as far as I know is not a self-definition but one created by the *New Statesman*), the term 'fundamentalist' is a useful one; it describes those who, like Mary Trevelyan, refuse to admit that Marxism is a dynamic ideology, able to adapt and renew itself.

Flying right

Gerald Howarth MP, House of Commons

While some of my friends might be surprised to have read Andrew Roth's description of me and some of my new boy colleagues in the House as 'thrusting highly ideological new right-wing MPs' (*NS* 19 October), perhaps I should console some of your trendy lefty educationalists who may have been unjustifiably alarmed to learn that I am the


Y
X
SLUMP
HEE HE HEE NO NO.... NOT THERE
NO.. NO.... IT'S.. HEE HEE TICKLISH
AND HA HA HAA..... HEE HEE ALL DAMP
.....I'M VERY SENSITIVE IF YOU PUT IT AHHH! NO! NO! DON'T PLEASE PLEASE IF YOU HEE HEE HEE HEEE HEE AHA AHAAA HA HA HAAA.....
...O.K. O.K. I WON'T STRUGGLE ANYMORE DO WHAT YOU WANT, TAKE ME USE ME, DISCARD ME.....
RIGHT! NOW LET'S DO THE OTHER EAR SHALL WE?

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Secretary of the Conservative Parliamentary Education Committee. They can relax since it is the *Aviation* Committee of which I am Joint Secretary and they may like to know that, so far from seeking a cloak of respectability in that position, I do possess some modest qualification for the job having been a private pilot since first obtaining a licence in 1965, having been commissioned in the RAFVR during my time with my University Air Squadron and having worked, as a banker, with the aircraft industry in recent years.

Let the students thrive

Tristan Ashman, London SE7

Your 'scandalously overdue solution' to the problem of student homelessness is a delightful notion. Maybe it will be argued that new buildings should be erected rather than old ones reallocated — but this is very small beer to the undisputed idyll of WC1 Castalia.

But beware. A spectre is haunting Britain — the spectre of the 'training scheme'. Already Thatcher and her henchmen are culling the 'wider sense' of learning. Arts courses are being slashed, grants cut, libraries impoverished. Before the lawyers have a chance to pack the students will have all but disappeared.

Maybe then, just for the moment, we should turn from our noble ideal and attend to the more mundane realities of the problems of accommodation and of education cuts. Let us make modest demands: somewhere to live, some sort of income, freedom to study. Let us achieve these first before we march on the Inns of Court. In the words of the ancient proverb, 'Do not ask the cow for crêpes Suzettes when she still refuses to give you milk'.

Everywoman writes. . .

Barbara Rogers, editor, Everywoman, *96 Mackenzie Rd, London N7*

Jane Dibblin's article (*NS* 16 November) was welcome as an introduction to what is happening in the field of women's magazines. There is a sense of excitement about a current affairs and commentary magazine by women for women which lies at the heart of what we are all doing.

Could I perhaps correct the impression given by the article that *Everywoman* is a very small, perhaps insignificant venture compared to the large print run and glossy format of a high-budget magazine such as *Working Woman*. We certainly started small, but the enthusiasm, practical experience and help we have received, especially from women in the periodical publishing business, have already moved is into a bigger league. We are currently considering a further increase in our print run which will take it to 20,000.

There have been many refugees from the conventional women's magazines working with us, and tremendous enthusiasm from women generally. Supporting subscribers at £10 a time are also being sought; the regular subscription rate is £7.20 a year.

Correction

In editing Cllr Gordon Prentice's letter 'Liberals in the lap' (*NS* 16 November) an error was introduced. The London Region of the Liberal Party did not go on record in December 1982 to criticise *Tilley and his colleagues* for their support for 'massive cuts in social services'. The London Region criticised *Hammersmith Liberal councillors*, who do not include Cllr Tilley (a member of Kingston council). Our apologies to Cllrs Prentice and Tilley for the confusion.

FEEDBACK

CND: a view from inside

READING Mark Smith's article (*NS* 16 November) I was surprised that anyone even minimally involved in the functioning of CND could labour under so many misconceptions. The impression he gives of a vast self-perpetuating administrative machine operating in London while the brave activists do the real campaigning in the rest of the country could not be further from the truth. In reality CND is a highly successful combination of paid and unpaid activists, all of whom are rooted in, and dependent on, a strong and growing membership.

Let us look first at that membership and what it means to the campaign. At present national membership is 110,000 plus. While some members are actively involved in campaigning, the vast majority are not. They are, however, a large part of our political strength, and they look to National CND as a whole to be their voice on the nuclear issue. They also provide through membership fees and donations 83 per cent of CND's income and 51 per cent of the £1,000,000 turnover. Incidentally, this turnover figure represents the combined income of CND and the trading activities (bookshop sales, Bookclub, Publishing and *Sanity*) of CND Publications Ltd.

Then there is the powerhouse of our campaign in the country — the local groups. It is the local group activists who put over the arguments in the villages, towns and workplaces. Without the support and co-operation of the local groups no National Demonstration or activity could succeed. Equally, the local groups would be at a great disadvantage, and probably unable to function, effectively, without the information and support supplied by National CND.

Last year supplying information to local groups and to members cost £103,701 — a large proportion of which was postage costs. This represents 52 per cent of Mark Smith's figure of £196,568 'organisation and administration costs'. In fact the true administration costs, covering such items as the computer, finance and general office expenses, represent 5 per cent of the campaign's combined income and 9 per cent of CND's income, a very small proportion of the whole. Nor does Mark's figure of £135,130 being spent on 'campaigning' activities give a true picture, since it takes no account of the amount spent on publishing, distribution of information, youth work, specialist sections such as Christian CND, support to Regions, or donations and support to other groups within the peace movement.

NOT ONLY is spending on administration small, but the number of staff employed on administrative functions has dropped dramatically in ratio to membership since 1979. We are now employing professional staff to campaign in areas that previously received little attention.

For instance, we now employ a Christian CND worker, a Parliamentary worker, a Trade Union worker, two part-time Youth workers, two Press Officers, and a full Publications team, among many others. Again and again it has been seen that when we are able to employ full-time staff to concentrate on an area of the campaign great benefits are reaped. This fact is clearly recognised by the Committees who vie with each other for available staff salaries in order to be able to employ full-time workers in their areas of interest.

In fact, our staff are a vital part of the campaign and it is impossible in the space available to do justice to the part they play. I would add that they work in atrocious conditions in 2½ *rented* terraced houses (CND owns no property) with actual usable space of 5,000 square feet — premises which they share with the numerous volunteers who are essential to the functioning of the campaign. We shortly hope to improve this state of affairs by renting one larger premises to provide decent working conditions for everyone.

A further misunderstanding of the staff's role has led to the criticism of their relationship with Committees. Our staff are not there to service Committees. They are there to use their professional expertise and should play a full part in the decision-making processes of the campaign. In the Committees, if they are to work properly, staff and committee members should pool their knowledge and political acumen to reach conclusions that will benefit the whole campaign.

WHEN WE TURN to the criticism of the democratic structure of CND we find similar misunderstandings. It is difficult to see how National Council, which consists largely of regional activists, *can* be out of touch with ordinary activists. The representatives are themselves responsible for ensuring that they are fully in touch with the views and needs of the regions.

Where Conference is concerned I sympathise with those who dislike it, particularly with those who dislike the atmosphere created by 'procedural fanatics'. However, removing Conference will not remove these people, they will use whatever forum is available, as those of us on National Council know only too well! Conference provides a forum where the tactics and strategy of our single issue campaign can be discussed, and where through a democratic delegate system consensus views can be reached. This gives the campaign a strong and unified base which benefits all sections and enables any member to speak with authority for the campaign as a whole. These positive aspects were recognised by the majority of activists when they responded to Conference Arrangements Committee's Review by indicating clearly that they wished to retain Conference in its present form.

We have a strong, vital and growing campaign that is coherent and credible. Our voice is listened to throughout the country, and indeed worldwide. This weekend the decision makers at Sheffield are faced with vital issues of campaigning tactics and their deliberations will decide the pattern of our activities for the next year. I am confident that they will concentrate on these important matters, and not indulge in futile introspection.

Cindy Huxley

Cindy Huxley is a member of National CND Executive, Chair of the Publications Committee and regional representative for the South West Region.

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Cliff Harper

Shut up and listen

Yesterday's dissident culture has come out of the 'hippy' shop and into the big company's sales strategy. Ken Worpole argues that if we want a flourishing, diverse and widely-distributed culture, there must be a 'third way' between the multinational product and the frail alternative network.

WE LIVE in the midst of cultural plenty, an abundant harvest of things to read and watch and listen to. And yet there is a feeling of a thin, impoverished diet. As the cornucopia of books and magazines, records and videos flows into the shops it still leaves a discontent at the lack of variety, for choice is at the heart of cultural politics. Is Victoria Holt's fourth novel on sale at your local newsagent's significantly different from Jean Plaidy's fifth (it's the same person) on sale at Frankfurt airport? And can we, as individuals and members of particular 'communities of interest', draw from this available culture our own cultural identity?

The more international the product, created to worldwide marketing formulas, the less most of us can get from it. The familiar socialist response to such multi-national production is to identify the problem as monopoly ownership of the means of production and distribution. For the pattern of concentration of ownership within the cultural sector having passed firstly through a national phase, then a multi-national one, now looks towards global strategies of production and consumption.

American production spearheads this process with the selling of TV programmes such as, most famously, *Dallas*, to nearly every television network throughout the world. The novels of Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Susann are likewise to be found in most airport bookshops throughout the world too. Such formulaic literature has been specifically constructed for an international readership through the close co-operation between writers, agents and marketing departments in the big publishing companies. Shirley Conran was paid an advance of $1 million for her first novel, *Lace*, even before it was written, largely because of the association of her name with a glamorous Trans-Atlantic lifestyle.

Saatchi and Saatchi, who most recently sold us Margaret Thatcher as a second-term Prime Minister, and who are currently advising her to make the BBC earn its revenue through advertising, have also been in the forefront of the movement towards global advertising campaigns; that is to say promoting the idea that the one advertisement for the one product should be now thought acceptable in every country in the world — Levi Jeans, Coca-Cola, McDonald Hamburgers, Marlboro cigarettes. According to Saatchi & Saatchi's 1982 annual report, 'the most advanced manufacturers are recognising that there are probably more social

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differences between Manhattan and the Bronx than between Manhattan and the 7th Arrondissement in Paris.'

Simply in this country, five companies now control 62.5 per cent of the record market, nine firms control 95 per cent of all film rental, while exhibition is effectively controlled by just two companies, EMI and Rank. In the newspaper industry, three groups have netted 74 per cent of daily readership. Such concentration of resources, production, distribution and marketing strategies tends towards a highly packaged product with a very predictable sales programme. Harold Robbins is now paid *£40 a word* for the novels he writes because his market has been geared up towards the production of millions of copies of each title. More money is now often spent on advertising films such as *Star Wars* than is spent on their production costs. In the global cultural market, fewer is best (how ironic that this echoes the old Mandarin attitude).

ALL SUCH trends offend against any notion of individual rights to educational and cultural self-identity and fulfilment. Yet what is the right response to make? Nationalise the commanding heights of the cultural economy? Take over the top hundred newspaper and book publishing, television and record companies without compensation and under workers' control? What kind of records would we get from a label run by a management committee of elected trade unionists, Labour Party nominees and central government accountants? What kinds of books would we get from what the last Labour Party document on the arts described as 'Regional Publishing Houses'? When a guerrilla army seizes and occupies a major fortress, what it finds itself having to run is — a major fortress. Its defeat then becomes almost certain. When teacher training colleges and trade union residential colleges bought up and renovated old, large country houses, in many cases they effectively cut themselves off from their own constituencies. People don't take over institutions; institutions take over people.

In our civic culture, the town hall is almost always 'the town hall', irrespective of which party controls it. In the succinct words of one young person who was asked by the Newsom Commission on Secondary Education in 1965 what improvements could be made in the school he attended: 'It could all be marble but it would still be a bloody school!' We continue to underestimate the alienation that large numbers of people feel from the institutions and forms of statutory educational and cultural provision they are offered.

So against nasty, commercial, mind-sapping culture it is not enough to suggest a strengthening and expansion of the public service domain and other forms of state 'leisure' provision. For here we come across a history which is as unrepresentative as the commercial tradition. For the experience of the majority of people in Britain since the creation of the dominant public welfare sphere in the 1860s by the great reforming (but with what motives?) civil servants such as Chadwick or Kaye-Shuttleworth is that such forms are not only as bad as the forms of commerical and self-help culture but possibly worse.

It is no coincidence that the symbolic power of the great systems of the State forms of cultural and educational provision has rested on the ardent prosecution of 'the rule of silence' against the subjects of these systems. Having spent bits and pieces of time over the past 15 years tape-recording people's memories of schooling and leisure interests, this memory of not being allowed to speak without permission — to 'find a voice' as it were — is still remembered with great bitterness. Though not compulsory, the public library system for the early part of its history cowed people into silence and a personal sense of insignificance. So this struggle then of large numbers of people 'to find a voice' is no mere literary play of words or metaphorical device. It has been a material struggle all along.

What about the BBC then? An exemplary public broadcasting and cultural institution, admired throughout the world for its seriousness of purpose and patrician dignity? Once again, historically, possibly a majority of people in Britain have experienced the BBC as yet another silencing agency and oppressive class institution. 'I say, very posh, sounds like someone from the BBC'. I have heard that kind of statement many times. Oxbridge-dominated by recruitment and shared interests, popular speech was never allowed to sully the airwaves for the first 50 years of the BBC's broadcasting life — except for comedy. Colin MacInnes tells the story at the beginning of his study of the British Music Hall, *Sweet Saturday Night*, of how the book originated as a series of radio programmes which even featured the recorded voices of many of the ageing music hall stars. 'These programmes,' he recalled, 'were repeated many times — thereby confirming the gloomy prediction of the BBC executive who (so a kindly spy told me), when the series was mooted, said, "I'm afraid these programmes are going to be very popular".'

Whether under a Conservative government or a Labour one, the BBC carried on making no concessions to popular tastes, cultures or interests. Even a musical form of such technical expertise (if rather dubious social origins) as jazz never got a look in. No wonder people flocked to commercial radio and television when they started. The BBC attitude is still there in the remarks of this year's Booker Prize chairman (sic) who publicly regretted having to read a novel 'written in a Glaswegian dialect', or in the recent comments of the *Observer*'s political correspondent who complained of the latent violence expressed in a Merseyside or Tyneside accent. The people cannot speak correctly, elect a new people!

SO WHERE do we go from here in the long march towards cultural democracy? (Particularly since it is now widespread public opinion that socialists always want to tell others what they should read, watch and listen to, as against the Conservatives who seem to let everybody do what they want to do.) Most probably we should start by acknowledging, painful though it is, that market forces have, in the history of the past hundred years or more, produced some fairly significant new forms of popular culture: children's comics, seaside holidays, cartoon films, the American musical, detective fiction, children's literature, science fiction, Ealing comedies, Grange Hill, Brookside, the Music Hall, family photograph albums, dozens of popular dance forms, rock music, the *film noire*, and so on. Capitalism, it should be remembered, was and is a dynamic economic system, endlessly creative though without any larger social purposes or forms of regulation to enable it to make distinctions of quality or moral ethics. Its dynamic now leads it to destroy many of the good things it created in its earlier periods. It is an unharnessed wind at loose in the world.

Yet there is the possibility of some third way between a bureaucratised State cultural apparatus which stifles or regulates all forms of popular creativity and the global ambitions of multinational production. For over the past two decades there has arisen in Britain quite clearly, within a number of cultural forms, a struggling independent sector of production and distribution. It is most obvious in the record industry where the number of 'independent' labels has grown from dozens in the mid-1970s to hundreds today. Mostly they are shoe-string operations run on self-exploitation and ad-hocery, but this is where the new music is being recorded.

In publishing, too, all the main energies in the last decade have happened within the independent sectors of feminist, black, gay and community publishing. The rise of popular interest in social history (or people's history as some prefer to call it) has produced hundreds of working-class

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autobiographies and living memories around the country. It is already beyond doubt that the past ten years have produced more such testimonies, especially those of working-class women, in Britain than have come down to us from the whole of the 19th century. The success of feminist publishing is a well known story in terms of titles and numbers sold, and represents another decade of major initiatives which culminated in the First International Feminist Bookfair held earlier this year in London. In London there are now some 14 small black publishing houses producing novels, collections of poetry, autobiographies and children's books where ten years ago there were just two. Brilliance Books and Gay Men's Press have in the past three years emerged to become major publishing houses producing dozens of titles each year with design and production standards which put most commercial publishing standards to shame.

Independent video production companies such as Trade Films, Faction Films, History Workshop, Platform Films, all of whom have been encouraged by the development of that exemplary trade union agreement, the ACTT Workshop Declaration, are now producing films and videos of commercial broadcasting standard, as too are the larger independent companies who have been producing much of Channel 4's output. In fact, Channel 4's form as a commissioning broadcasting station with no in-house production facilities could be a model for many other broadcasting systems.

Many of these initiatives have been helped to get started by grants from sympathetic local and metropolitan authorities such as the GLC. Yet their success has already created problems of its own. For the large record companies, publishing companies and broadcasting systems have been watching developments in the independent sector like hawks. Cheque books in hand they have waited for the new bands to appear on the small labels, get played on the Charlie Gillett or John Peel show, looked out for the new black writers emerging through the small community publishing initiatives and then swooped down and signed them up. When Gillett played the first Dire Straits demo tape on his Sunday night show he was besieged by A & R men, the fixers, the next day wanting to sign them up.

The highly popular black performance poet Benjamin Zephaniah was originally published two years ago by Page One Press, a small community bookshop and whole-food shop in Stratford in East London. A well-known commercial publisher has just offered him a large advance for his next collection of poems as a result of his TV appearances and highly successful last two years spent on the road reading at hundreds of gigs and benefits. Most of the major publishing companies now have their feminist lists and social history lists, too. Nor is it just the dynamic 'arts' culture which dissident communities create in finding their voice which become the accepted, and therefore commercial, culture.

The large network of whole-food shops which grew out of the hippy culture of the late 60s, and which sustained the 'alternative' society in many small towns and cities throughout the bleaker 1970s are now threatened by a monster of their own making — the large food chain-stores who have discovered that there is money to be made from wholemeal bread, pulses, herbal teas and shampoos and Bombay mix! For the independent sector the price of success seems to be failure.

FOR IT IS something of a success that WH Smith's now sell *Spare Rib, Marxism Today*, Virago books and even did a national sales campaign for the First International Feminist Bookfair. It is a mark of success that Chatto & Windus and Faber Books are now beginning to publish black poets and even punk poetry, and that Penguin has published an anthology of gay poetry. One can't not approve of the fact that large food chainstores now stock and sell a wide range of health foods. But what happens in the process? Independent journals and political movements which get involved in contracts with large commercial publishing houses often find that it is the publishers who begin to set the pace, and even purpose, of production rather than the experiential needs of the activists producing the material. Within the History Workshop movement there seems to me a clear tension between its prolific publishing success now conducted through Kegan Paul, and the fragility of the movement at a local, grassroots level. Some of the hippy whole food shops have had to sell up. Alternative comedy when packaged as Christmas gift books seems suddenly less funny, and certainly less radical.

Another threat to several forms of independent production are the new 'taxes on knowledge' proposed by the present government: VAT on books and periodicals and the Bright Bill proposals on videos, making every new video subject to an expensive (and time-consuming) certification process, will penalise the smaller production companies much more than the major ones. Some will simply not survive.

What is needed, therefore, is a financial commitment to the independent cultural sector which will enable it to sustain its own productive capabilites and continue to extend them. This has been very much the line of thought at the GLC and the Greater London Enterprise Board over the past year. For now that many new 'communities of interest' have solved the problems of production — books, films, videos, records, tapes — the problem to be solved is distribution. If effective distribution agencies for all these new cultural products can be created and sustained (and this means extending the number of outlets too, of which the public library system could be a key element), then there is real hope for extending cultural democracy. The new radical production processes which stress collaborative forms of production are much more likely to produce serious yet accessible new forms of popular culture than are the multinationals which these days start from a marketing strategy and then work backwards to the product.

Some may argue that collaborative processes are inimical to true artistic production, but surely that argument needs finally laying to rest. All film and television productions depend for their artistic success on the close collaboration between writers, directors, actors, camera crew and many other production workers. Jazz and rock music are exemplary models of collaborative music-making, mostly because they are not following a written down score.

Yes, but literature? Well, if T.S. Eliot was prepared to admit that *The Wasteland* had been improved beyond all recognition by letting Ezra Pound completely change its construction and throw out words and lines as he thought fit, then why shouldn't other people's writing be improved by workshop discussion and support? Most new cultural forms — because they are in some way involved in electronic forms of communication — are by necessity collaborative forms. But of course there will always be an important place in cultural production for individual creativity, and socialist perspectives should always acknowledge this.

In the battle of ideas culture plays a major part. At present there is no doubt that the Conservative cultural project of nation and heritage is in the ascendancy. And even though we badly need an economic revolution in this country, we are unlikely ever to win popular support for that project unless we have a cultural revolution first. Things as they are or as they should be? At present we are more likely to find an understanding of that difference in a book of young people's poems, or on a record, than we are in a policy document from Walworth Road. The trick is to connect the two. □

Ken Worpole's new study of contemporary publishing, Reading By Numbers, *is published this week by Comedia, 9 Poland Street, London, W1, at £3.95.*

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A useful madness

Michael Hofmann

August Strindberg
OLOF LAGERCRANTZ *Faber* £20
By the Open Sea
AUGUST STRINDBERG *Secker* £8.95

THE FIGURE of **August Strindberg** has tended to be surrounded by a nimbus of insanity. It is Olof Lagercrantz's main aim, in this new biography, to dispel it. The paranoid misogynist who accused his 'lesbianic' or 'prostitute' wives of trying to kill him; the spooked alchemist of *Inferno*, producing gold from iron and sulphur and being punished for it by terrible electrical machines; the great hater and confessor; the suicidal Northman... As one reads, these phantoms do at last recede: my criticism is that no particularly distinct or vivid impression of the man emerges in their place.

Lagercrantz's two main ways of getting his subject 'de-certified' are simple enough: first of all, he returns us to Strindberg's historical and personal environment, thereby making responses that, taken out of context, look insane, all too clearly accountable. He describes the brilliant but desperately highly-strung Scandinavian émigré colonies in Paris and Berlin (where Strindberg spent the bulk of his 15 years out of Sweden): all talent and envy and penury and disappointment, with one eye always squinting back home and the other looking, mostly in vain, for status and acceptance in the adopted place. Almost the real hero of the book, though, is the Swedish society of the time: intensely conservative, bigoted and philistine, 'of soul-destroying constriction'.

Lagercrantz is very good at putting this over, sometimes with almost breathtaking clumsiness ('In May, Ibsen died, leaving more scope for Strindberg') and sometimes neatly footnoted:

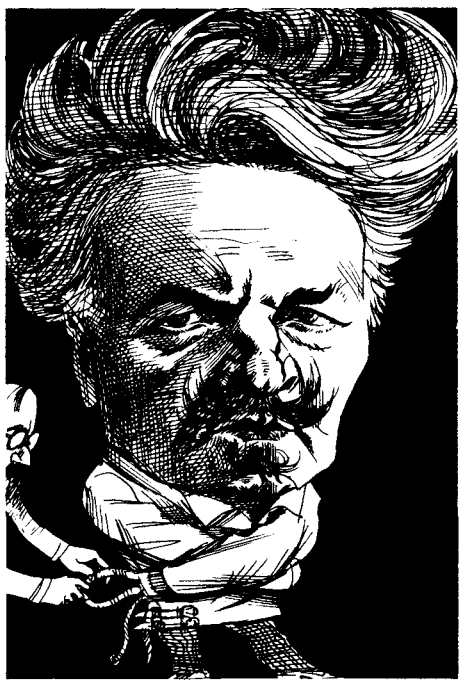
> The country had been governed since 1906 by a cabinet of the Right headed by Arvid Lindman, who was both a factory owner and a naval admiral — a symbolic combination, as the government's prime concerns were industry and the armed forces.

So uncomfortably small was Swedish society that even Kings of Sweden sometimes took a hand in Strindberg's affairs:

> Not a hand was moved to applause when the curtain fell, as *Aftonbladet* described in its review, but Karl XV, himself an enthusiast for ancient Nordic matters, saw the play and rewarded Strindberg with a stipend of 200 kronor.

If that seems bleak, consider a subsequent monarch who, in his memoirs, called Strindberg's muse 'a whore who washes herself and sprays everyone within reach with the greenish-brown liquid of the gutter'. The best brief statement of Strindberg's position in Swedish society, though, comes in a simile of Lagercrantz's own devising: 'It is said that the fish in a shoal improve if a shark has been pruning their number. All his life, Strindberg was just such a vitalizing shark in Sweden's cultural life, acting as an antidote to apathy.'

The other of Lagercrantz's rehabilitating approaches is never to let us forget that Strindberg was a writer and that most of the 'evidence' for his abnormality is written



Richard Willson

evidence. He argues that his work is unusually autobiographical and that, unable to invent experience, he had to make his life experimental — he was driven by literature and not by anything more clinical. After his play *The Father* Strindberg wrote, 'Constant work on my writing has made my life a shadow existence.' And, in the *Occult Diary*, 'I was a playwright at the age of twenty, but if my life had proceeded in a calm and orderly fashion, I would not have had anything to render into drama.'

Thus, Strindberg is both the Agonist — an ordinary man with deep longings for precisely such a calm and orderly life — and the Dramatist or Narrator who moves and manipulates him, aborting any prospect of stability or happiness in his life. Then Lagercrantz discusses the multiplicity of Strindberg's versions of his own life, accounts forever revised and discrepant: Knut Hamsun described him as 'a brain on horseback'. Going on from this, he argues that the 'symptoms' of Strindberg's 'conditions' almost invariably exhausted themselves in words. One of the most memorable reports in a book full of them is a physician's report, referring to Strindberg's 'thick-set body with almost baroquely muscular limbs, and his chest was large, wide and superbly extended, as if he were permanently drawing in his breath.' While Strindberg's writings and letters are full of threats to kill himself, there is no record of a single serious attempt at suicide. And Lagercrantz finds the work of Strindberg just as healthy, 'written in a consistently beautiful and calm hand and expressed in clear and always controlled language'. Given the circumstances, his extraordinary energy and prolific output — without the letters, his works run to 55 volumes, in most known literary forms and then some — must also be reckoned to be healthy.

Where Lagercrantz falls short is in his discussion of Strindberg's prose and plays, and in his failure to come up with a convincing and memorable description of what must have been an extraordinarily tough as well as an almost unimaginably gifted and energetic man. In some ways, he is too close to him: much of the book is written in the tone of an aside, corrective, hinting, suggestive: a reference on page 344 to Strindberg's 'shyness' looks particularly absurd.

More culpable is the scarcity and the level of literary judgments in the book: it is twelve pages from the end that Lagercrantz speaks of Strindberg's skill with words and then only in terms of his introduction of new words mostly from technology and of his avoiding repetition. Of course, in Sweden there is a whole Strindberg industry for that, but here interest in him has always been sporadic. Coinciding with the biography, Strindberg's novel **By the Open Sea** — not a book of which Lagercrantz has a particularly high opinion — has been published. It reads to me like the Nineties novel it is, creaking with significance, from the unhappy generation before Proust and Musil discovered how to stop a narrative and introduce ideas. It is practically immobilised by its central figure, Axel Borg, an omni-competent scientist hero, a classifier, an individualist, a modern man with a hatred of anything primitive. Why he should want to possess the woman who destroys him is quite beyond me — or Strindberg.

That aside, the peripheral aspects of the novel make it worth reading — its descriptions of the sea and of sea-creatures, including this one of a buoy, an astounding simile that convinces one, quite as much as Lagercrantz, of Strindberg's enormous gift: 'There it lay rocking on the waves, vermilion-red, damp and shining like an extracted lung, with its great black wind-pipe pointing aslant up into the air.' □

Stitchcraft

Barney Bardsley

The Subversive Stitch
ROSZIKA PARKER *The Women's Press* £14.95 & £7.95

'TO KNOW the history of embroidery is to know the history of women.' This introduction to Roszika Parker's new work may seem over-inflated in its claim. But, as she unfolds the fascinating story of embroidery from the Middle Ages to the present day, it becomes clear that this curiously belittled art form really does encapsulate many of the cultural attitudes which have controlled women in Europe over the past ten centuries.

These days, embroidery is seen as a rather quaint, old-fashioned pastime. I have piles of my grandmother's painstakingly stitched linen tucked away, unused, in a drawer, and have always regarded the pretty floral patterns with something approaching disdain. It smacks of 'women's work' — obedience and domesticity. Everything I have always wanted to avoid.

We have the Victorians to thank for stultifying this once great art form into stereotypes of

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decorative 'femininity'. For it was they who 'rediscovered' embroidery, obscured its complex past and imbued it with a romantic ideology, using misleading images from mediaeval times and foisting them on to people's consciousness, where they remain to this day.

Particularly popular in the 19th century was the idea of the solitary lady, stitching away in splendid isolation, something which fitted in nicely with the urge to hearth and home impressed upon every middle-class woman of the Victorian era. They eulogised the Bayeux Tapestry, for example, attributing its vast glories to just one woman — Queen Mathilda, wife of William the Conqueror. The work is now thought to have been commissioned by the French from an English workshop (of women *and* men).

From 900 right through to 1500, ecclesiastical embroidery had been a major art. Its generic title, *Opus Anglicanum*, covered a range of techniques, using linen and velvet and decorations of pearls, jewels and beaten gold. Both men and women were employed as embroiderers, although, as the centuries progressed, social and religious strictures bore down on female participants.

A 12th-century church dictate that 'woman's authority is nil' was echoed in the economic sphere, where male craft guilds introduced labels of 'professionalism' to embroidery, confining women to financial and domestic subordination.

But although men were employed as main embroiderers to the kings right up to the 18th century, embroidery was already robbed of its artistic status during the Renaissance. The painter, with 'his' individual inspiration, took primacy over the collective — and therefore lesser — craft of the embroiderer. Stitching fine patterns soon became the amateur province of noble women.

By the 17th century samplers were being sewn by young girls to symbolise piety and submission to their Puritan parents. A century later, the Romantic Jean Jacques Rousseau spouted his notion of 'natural' femininity, which was by now inextricably bound up with the pretty pastoral images which dripped from the embroiderer's needle. He stated with assurance:

> all [girls] learn with reluctance to read and write; but very readily apply themselves to the use of their needles.

And so a whole art form, and its creators, were neatly devalued. Nowadays, as the author says, 'when women embroider, it is seen not as art, but entirely as the expression of femininity'.

The book earns its title, however, by examining subtle subversive elements in embroidery through the ages, showing how the many social constraints were overcome, often in small but amusingly clever ways. In *Wives and Mothers* (1866) Elizabeth Gaskill describes her character Mrs Gibson's discreet methods of social disruption. Should an unwanted guest appear, she would drop all her cotton reels on the floor and not allow the gentleman to be seated until every last one was retrieved. After that, she would count her stitches loudly, and comment repeatedly on her work, dominating the environment, as Roszika Parker observes, by the very occupation designed to *silence* women.

Embroidery can be not just subversive, but also a revolutionary force. In this century the Women's Suffrage Movement and the Greenham Common protestors have both used embroidered banners and symbols, while patchwork is closely associated with freedom fighters in Chile and Soweto. One of the most famous pieces of modern art, Judy Chicago's 'Dinner Party' — a kind of last supper for famous women of history — uses stitched runners for each woman's place setting. It symbolises the long road from femininity to feminism.

Roszika Parker's book is a complex, remarkable combination of social and art history. By picking an apparently insignificant and much-denigrated art form, and showing us why it is so, she brings us to the inevitable realisation that art does not exist in a vacuum. Used and manipulated by the society of which it is a product, art becomes a metaphor for the political and economic structures of its surrounds. And consistently, for over 500 years, women have been sent sliding to the bottom of those structures.

Despite a glorification of embroidery by queens and ladies, and despite the rebellious acts by girls like Polly Cook, who stated in one 18th-century sampler that she 'did this, and hated every stitch she did in it', there is an undeniable tyranny in the history of fine stitchery. While middle-class women bored themselves to death with pretty patterns, working-class women toiled in 19th-century sweatshops to produce Victorian finery. The Factory Commission of 1833 reported that the girls working on the much prized embroidered whitework of the time were often blind by the age of 20. And I remember my grandmother telling me that she never learned to read and write properly at school, because the teacher had her sewing all day instead.

In light of that, and of Roszika Parker's thoughtful book, the brightly coloured flowers from grandmother's needle, which I tucked so contemptuously into a back drawer, have taken on a new, more profound meaning. □

Veronica Anne

Was that you singing?

Was that you singing with songs of praise
I asked my landlady making conversational noise.
She's 91. I've often wondered how she lives her days
confined to quiet rooms, and looking at the garden
through the windows.

No, she said. And closed her eyes.

FICTION

Holy shit

Richard Deveson

God Knows
JOSEPH HELLER *Cape* £8.95
An Evening of Brahms
RICHARD SENNETT *Faber* £9.95
Sprigg's War
RICHARD GIRLING *Heinemann/Quixote* £8.95
Right Side Up
WILLIAM ASH *Howard Baker* £9.95

NOW KING DAVID was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he gat no heat. So they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel, and found Abishag a Shunammite, and brought her to the king. And the king said, 'Holy shit! Is this some piece of ass!' But he knew her not, because he was still in love with Bathsheba, even though she wouldn't know *him* and was only interested in being creative, inventing caftans and panties, and was scheming to get a word processor ('The Lord is my shepherd' was an early effort of hers), and most of all was scheming to get Solomon anointed king so as to secure her own creature comforts during senior-citizenhood.

Joseph Heller can't write an unreadable sentence and, for the first 50 pages or so, **God Knows** is very funny Monty Python knockabout. The dying David can look back on a life well filled with battles, wives, concubines, psalms, songs and quotable quotes later purloined by Shakespeare and Milton and Auden and FDR. He is sometimes near to despair, because God has caused him a lot of 'aggravation' in his time, but He's probably dead by now and anyway people should stick up for the achievements of *people*. But this novel proves that someone who can't write an unreadable sentence can still write an unreadable book. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but the one basic joke is repeated even unto the 350th page and the reader's teeth are set on edge. David never develops beyond a Brooklyn petty bourgeois and his grudge against God lacks philosophical depth. And all the smiting and slaying? Who needs it? Don't ask.

The move from Canaan, or Coney Island, to Carnegie Hall for **An Evening of Brahms** is a move from gross neighbourhood wisecracking to solemn midtown fastidiousness. Alexander Hoffmann is a 'genius' of a cellist whose marriage to a pianist goes wrong because she doesn't play as well as he does: while all Alexander's passion is spent on his instrument, Susan remains superficial in both Art and Life. She is killed in an accident which is partly his fault, but he eventually recovers and grows up a

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Shorter reviews

Controlling the Constable: Police Accountability in England and Wales
TONY JEFFERSON and ROGER GRIMSHAW
Frederick Muller/The Cobden Trust
£18.95 & £7.95

This book, the result of a research project under the auspices of the Cobden Trust, is the first to address in an exhaustive and analytical way the question of police accountability to democratic authority.

The scheme of the book is first to describe the general structure of accountability in its present form, focussing on law as the 'central form of institutional arrangement' designed to ensure that the obligations of the police are upheld. Secondly, the approach to the policing of street crime in Brixton and the 1979 Southall demonstration against the National Front are used as concrete examples of Chief Constable decision making. The interplay of 'occupational', 'legal' and 'democratic' imperatives is shown to demonstrate the factors involved in decision making. In the final part of the book various alternative proposals are examined and criticised and the authors put forward their own scheme for a new system of accountability.

The authors show how the abiding theme of policework and accountability has been that of 'constabulary independence'. The superimposition of the modern themes of 'bureaucracy', 'democracy' and 'centralisation' upon the surviving 'pre-modern themes' of locality, independence and judiciary has brought with it the attenuation of significant judicial supervision. The decision-making process in modern police forces is shown in terms of 'a framework fundamentally structured by law in relation to which a range of occupational options are available'. The terms of this process '... are fixed within parameters set by a legal-occupational discourse over which the police ... have an almost perfect monopoly'. The conclusion is that the failure of the 'democratic audience' to bring any significant influence to bear is the result not of any breakdown in communication, but of the present system of police accountability.

The authors' attempt at alternative proposals involves the setting up of 'public commissions of police' with a statutory power to issue instructions to Chief Constables. The commissions' actions would be open to judicial review and subject to scrutiny by Parliament. The commissions themselves would be democratically elected at the same time as county councils. The immunity of 'operational' decision making from democratic control would go.

This book should be read as a source book for arguments on the way forward for police accountability. Not all will agree with its conclusions; but all concerned should be familiar with its contents.

Mark Benney

Gender at Work
ANN GAME and ROSEMARY PRINGLE
Pluto £3.95

Game and Pringle attempt to develop an 'understanding of the relationship between gender, the labour process and technological change' by focusing on six Australian case studies, to show that the sexual division of labour is not functional to capitalism, 'but rather a defining feature of it....as central as wage labour or surplus value...as important as class'. This daunting theoretical and political task is achieved with only limited success.

The case studies differ considerably in their depth of analysis and research input. The chapters on retailing, white goods and nursing were particularly interesting. The chapter on computing, however, leaves much to be desired. As someone who has worked in the industry for the past five years, I found little in the description/analysis with which I could identify. This is mainly because it deals with large departments which do not characterise the computer industry as a whole. As a result, the analysis and conclusions so well developed in the other case studies seem simply to be imposed on the computer industry, regardless of the entirely different economic conditions under which that industry is operating. The sexual division of labour is undoubtedly alive and well within the industry but its operation *is* constrained by the severe labour shortage. Further, while the job fragmentation which the authors describe as an attempt to control labour does occur, it is undermined by the mobility of the work force and the lack of industry-wide definitions of job categories. What is more surprising is the fact that the authors describe data entry as work which, being 'female', is ignored and then proceed to ignore it in their own analysis. Data entry is a particularly good example of how some work is defined as 'female' despite the fact that it is harmful to women and particularly women intending to have children, while other jobs are protected as male areas due to their danger element. It is a shame that the industry which is probably most useful for an analysis of the relationship between gender, class and work is not dealt with with the same rigour as some of the other industries.

Finally, the omission of a study of secretarial work is surprising for two reasons. Firstly, a large proportion of the female labour force does secretarial work and, secondly, other studies have shown that attempts to computerise secretarial work have succeeded only in emphasising the previously unrecognised skill inherent in this work.

However, despite these inadequacies, the comparison of the operation of the sexual division of labour and technological change across sectors is interesting. At this stage any contribution to the gender/labour process debate is welcome.

June Crowley

The War Against East Timor
CARMEL BUDIARDJO and LIEM SOEI LIONG
Zed Press £18.95 & £6.95

Asked to name the bloodiest conflict of our time, most people would answer Iran-Iraq, El Salvador, Afghanistan or the Lebanon. But far outweighing the death toll in any of these wars is Indonesia's grisly record in East Timor where 200,000 people — a third of the population — have been killed since Jakarta's invasion in 1975. The Indonesian annexation and massacres began in earnest on 7 December of that year — just a week after the Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor, *Fretilin*, declared the country's independence from its Portuguese colonial rulers.

In this war without scruples and with little media exposure, Indonesia's red-beret death squads routinely carry out assassinations and the torture of suspects during interrogation: according to one eye-witness account, 'The prisoners are horribly beaten up and tortured. Some of them are even skinned and decapitated. The bodies are then left in the shallow sea'. Wholesale massacres are also commonplace. Of those who have survived the killings, hundreds have suddenly disappeared ('gone to Jakarta') or ended up among the 2,000 political prisoners held without trial on Atauro Island.

Despite an initial spirited resistance which bogged down the Indonesians in four years of protracted guerrilla war, by 1979 a staggering 80 per cent of *Fretilin*'s central committee, military commanders and armed forces had been killed or captured. Undeterred, the three surviving members of the *Fretilin* leadership set about rebuilding the party and its armed wing, *Falintil*. After a three-year lull in the fighting, in 1982 *Fretilin* re-emerged stronger than ever to launch a series of ferocious attacks on the Indonesian forces.

In March this year, to reinforce its military offensive, *Fretilin* unveiled a peace plan calling for a negotiated settlement leading to self-determination and independence. And what has been the response of the West? Ever since the Portuguese abandoned East Timor in 1975 and the Indonesian invaders staged a puppet 'People's Assembly' a year later to support 'integration', most of the Western countries have accepted Jakarta's occupation as a *fait accompli* and willingly sold arms to the Indonesians. In 1978, Britain's Labour government authorised the sale of eight Hawk ground-attack aircraft and even today Indonesian military officers are accepted on secondment for training at the Army Staff College at Camberley. It is a shabby betrayal of the East Timorese people who fought alongside us against Fascism during the last war.

In this book, Budiardjo and Liong present the most comprehensive account ever compiled on the tragic fate of East Timor, including captured Indonesian Army documents which provide a detailed insight into the ruthlessness of Jakarta's counter-insurgency operations. Let's hope these ghastly revelations will spur others to action in solidarity with the Timorese people.

Peter Tatchell

SHERRY TURKLE
THE SECOND SELF
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GRANADA

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Cont'd from p.30

little by conducting a calamitous performance of Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* which teaches him his limits.

Richard Sennett gives several convincing and accurate descriptions of pieces of music and the extended emotional climax made by the *Requiem* is something of a *tour de force*. On the other hand, the various historical parallels to Alexander and Susan's troubles that he draws — Brahms's love for Clara Schumann, Robert Schumann's paralysis of the hand, Brahms's composing of the *Requiem* — are never shown to be close enough to the main narrative to be able to do much work for it. Altogether there's too much superfine obscurity. In a coda Sennett seems to want to compose all his themes into the worthy thought that music, despite the inevitable inadequacies of performance, can nevertheless create a sense of human solidarity. But is this actually what he's saying? Brahms himself, though a master of ambiguities, never leaves you in the dark like that.

Richard Girling's first novel **Sprigg's War** follows his collection of short stories about Dartmoor, *Ielfstan's Place*, which won first-rate reviews for its display of historical imagination. The novel is about the Civil War and has the same remarkable pictorial intensity. Corpses at Naseby, candlelight in dark chambers, damp on the West Country hills, the clunk of pewter on wood, the scrape of quill on paper, foul breath from toothless mouths, the perils of the 17th-century bowel movement — Girling can do the lot. He also writes dialogue that very cleverly suggests the period (apt use of *italics*) without lapsing into too much 'tising and 'twasing. The story is the double one of an officer in the New Model Army and his young wife and of their separate tussles with sin and superstition. This is a Civil War of damnation, witchcraft, Puritan paranoia and military butchery rather than of high politics or ideological explosion. There is a theme of incest and adultery which, if meant to emblemise the conflict, isn't really quite congruent with it, but that scarcely detracts from the force of Girling's writing.

"'Speaking of logic, I think you've got an undistributed middle there." He glanced down his bulging front. "You can leave my corporate state out of this."' **Right Side Up** is a production line of amiably excruciating jokes, while also being a dialectical novel in the twin senses of a Peacockian conversation piece and a Marxist disquisition. Things are bothering George Burgher — objects like old dressers are transforming themselves into apparitions of gold sovereigns. A revolutionary acquaintance diagnoses commodity fetishism; an Establishment psychiatrist urges adjustment to hegemonic capitalism. Burgher (see it now?) is further distracted by a Platonic idealist and a utilitarian materialist, and is blandished by religion and sex. 'Ideas,' says the revolutionary, 'are merely one moment in the dialectic of things.' (By the way, *does* that reduction also apply to the Marxist analysis itself?) Relations between people have been turned into relations between things; people will be made whole only when capitalism etc. etc. But such is the power of capital, alas, that Burgher fails to avoid the only possible fate of the fetishist. I confess — must be that old hegemony again — that I liked William Ash's jokes best. □

Synthesis

David Edgar

Not in our Genes: Biology, Ideology and Human Nature
STEVEN ROSE, LEON J. KAMIN & R.C. LEWONTIN *Pelican* £3.95

NOT IN OUR GENES is an infuriating book. Written by three professional biologists (one British, two American), it argues that the New Right's astonishing ideological victories can be accounted for in part by new forms of biologically determinist thinking (particularly sociobiology) which locate both capitalist and nationalist impulses within humankind's very biology. Effectively undermining notions of fundamental social change (and even challenging ideals of social justice), the biological determinists must be urgently countered if the New Right programmes that they buttress are to be defeated. But, to do so, it is necessary for their opponents to jettison the equally rigid cultural determinism so popular in the Sixties (madness merely a label, senility a social stereotype) as well as the mirror-image biologism of those radical feminists who argue that women are indeed genetically different (thereby superior) to men.

All of this is right and wise. So what goes wrong? Why is it that, by the end of the penultimate chapter, one is left with a strange sense of dearth, akin to that experienced after eating an unexpectedly vegetarian meal? Partly it is that a number of pretty important things — like a layperson's definition of 'gene', for example — are left out. Further, the book is not helped by a series of fairly sloppy inconsistencies of argument: on page 28 we are solemnly adjured not to judge the determinist errors by 'the political uses to which these errors have been put', while just one page before we have been equally firmly reminded of the roots of the Nazi extermination camps in determinist eugenics. (Similarly, having correctly condemned cultural as well as genetic reductionism, the authors go on to attribute the rise of the latter 'precisely' — and by implication entirely — to a reaction against the economic and social militancy of disadvantaged groups in the late Sixties and early Seventies.) And unlike, say, Martin Barker in *The New Racism*, Rose, Kamin and Lewontin fail to note the contradiction between the individualist and collectivist elements of the sociobiological world view, accepting at face value a model of 'human nature' in which entrepreneurialism, territoriality, libertarianism and xenophobia not only coexist but appear close to being interchangeable.

But most irksome of all is the awareness that almost all the arguments against biological determinism — carefully, rigorously and often wittily marshalled as they are — amount simply to nit-picking. IQ tests, we're told, are culture-specific. Cyril Burt, we're reminded, cooked his figures. Siblings share an environment as well as genes. Adoption studies overlook the particularities of adoptive families. It isn't so much that the determinists are wrong (the book appears to argue), more that they haven't proved themselves to be right. A habitual refrain: 'We just don't know.'

And thus it is, for 264 of the book's 289 pages. Tantalisingly, on page 78, the co-authors admit that they haven't put forward any alternative view of human nature to that espoused by the determinists and declare their intention 'to accept that challenge here'. 'Here', however, proves not to be on the same page, nor even in the same chapter, and as the authors set about all the inadequate samples, false premises and evidential inconsistencies, the reader can be forgiven for forgetting that the commitment was made.

And that's the massive — and infuriating — structural problem of *Not in our Genes*: unless you know that a theoretical counter to the determinist case is going to be produced eventually, then all the circumstantial evidence against the genetic view of human nature ('can you be sure, Mr Dawkins, on a dark night and as you admit without your glasses, that it was as you claim a gene you observed and not a benign environmental factor?') appears — as the authors themselves disarmingly confess — to be no more than 'nay-saying'.

Which is a huge pity, because when the alternative finally arrives, in the last chapter, it is eminently worth waiting for. Suddenly, musclebound prose relaxes and strained rhetoric gives way to writing of eminent and elegant clarity. The final argument — which is, in summary, that the relationship between developing organisms and their developing environment can only be understood dialectically, in other words in terms of a constant interrelationship of cause and effect between them — is a model of sustained polemical writing. The authors' consequential thesis on the equally mutual relationship of the individual and the society that shapes his or her experience and behaviour is on a level which increases the stature of all that has gone before. It is by no means too little; it is, in terms of the book's present form, several chapters too late. □

Dynasty

Stephen Brook

The Kennedys
PETER COLLIER and DAVID HOROWITZ *Secker* £12.50

SEE PATRIARCH Joe, offspring of poor Irish immigrants, become Ambassador to the Court of St James's! Watch cautious Jack, tormented by back pain, transform himself from languid congressman to charismatic President of the United States! Flinch as the shots ring out that destroy two brothers! Draw the lessons as you see their children flounder in a morass of hard drugs and promiscuity!

Well yes, there's an element of soap opera to this brightly written account of the Kennedy saga. This is history as narrative touched by myth and psychodrama. Compiled with little

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help from the family, it relies heavily on oral history archives and interviews, which accounts for much of the book's chattiness.

Yet *The Kennedys* is, within its limitations, quite a good book. For there is something extraordinary about the Kennedys. There have been other political families in the United States: the Adamses, the Roosevelts, the Rockefellers. The children of Joe Kennedy, however, were imbued with the sense that public service — or, less politely, the pursuit of power — was the paramount vocation. It wasn't a case of *noblesse oblige*; rather, a psychological passing on of Joe's unfulfilled ambitions to his progeny, who were explicitly groomed to be leaders. Joe unashamedly encouraged sibling rivalry, thus developing competitiveness as well as close bonds. Money helped too. Jack's first electoral victories in Massachusetts were more or less bought by his father, who could manipulate the electorate as skilfully as the stock market.

Jack remained more image than substance. Since Joe's politics were isolationist and virtually McCarthyite, the Kennedy message was at first adumbrated in the most conventional terms. Jack, both as senator and President, was a very lukewarm liberal whose ideas were hard to distinguish from those of his rival Nixon. After Jack's death, brother Bobby grieved, then picked up the torch, as though fated to do so. But times had changed. Civil rights and the Vietnam War were central issues, as they'd never been in Jack's day. It was no longer possible to lead from a position of stylish cautiousness and, once in the Senate, Bobby rapidly identified himself with liberal positions until by the time of his death in 1968 he was regarded, with considerable justification, as the champion of the poor and of minority groups.

Then the mantle fell on to Teddy's shoulders. With some courage, he continued to press for liberal measures long after the triumph of the New Right. Yet Chappaquiddick and a certain irresolution, not to mention a messy personal life, prevented Teddy from seizing the presidential nomination that at one time was his for the asking. Teddy couldn't replace Bobby, who, dynamic and competitive, had inspired the rest of the family and confirmed its sense of itself as utterly special, continuing the tribal rituals of collective activity within family compounds that Joe had invented. With Bobby dead, the third generation of Kennedys, though imbued with the notion of the Kennedy Legacy, have preferred to ignore it.

It's a remarkable story of a unique family, but what is one to make of it all? The supreme confidence of the Kennedys was largely instilled by the iron determination of Joe Kennedy, but what led the American people to share the family assumption that there was a Kennedy Legacy that was appropriate for America and could only be transmitted by those who bore the family name? (Kennedy apostles who ran for office rarely succeeded; the name was essential.) What is the relationship between assassination and glamour? What does it say about a democratic system when so much magic can be attached to a name, just as if Divine Right were alive and well? It's questions such as these, growing out of the absorbing story they tell so well, that Collier and Horowitz conspicuously fail to ask, let alone answer. □

Dith Pran in the Killing Fields

FILMS

American friends

John Coleman

The Killing Fields (15)
Warner
A Private Function (15)
Odeon, Haymarket, from 30 November
Not For Publication (15)
ABC, Fulham Road; Classic, Tottenham Court Road
The Ambassador (18)
Classics, Haymarket, Oxford Street and Chelsea; London release
Three Crowns of the Sailor
ICA

'I DIDN'T want to use South-East Asia as wallpaper,' said Roland Joffé last Sunday, during an *Omnibus* edition devoted to his debut as feature film director, **The Killing Fields**; and, with David Puttnam as his producer, there was never much likelihood of that. The tragic war in Cambodia and its ugly aftermath are always with us in this honourable, frequently memorable account of a real-life friendship between Sydney Schanberg, *New York Times* correspondent, and Dith Pran, the Cambodian interpreter who was to become something more than a valued assistant, saving the American's life, staying behind with him when the Khmer Rouge 'liberated' Phnom Penh on 17 April 1975, finally left to his own resources to endure hideous privations.

Bruce Robinson's spare, tough script, extracting what gallows humour it may from horrors, inevitably bends a few facts and invents other incidents; but there is no sense of its betraying the essential spirit of a remarkable, agonised relationship. For Schanberg, back in the States and awarded the Pulitzer for his probing reports, helped support Pran's family — earlier flown out, to settle in San Francisco — and wrote hundreds of letters in a suffering, sustained effort to locate lost, probably dead Pran. Their reunion in a Thai refugee camp on 9 October 1979 underlines how much stranger than fiction the truth often is and effectively ends the film, though a last title points out, 'Cambodia's torment has not yet ended'.

Puttnam's bold policy, magnificently justified by the receipts for *Chariots of Fire*, of giving fresh or little-known talents their chance is once more manifested, with Joffé coming from TV and Sam Waterston, excellent as go-getting, irascible, torn Schanberg, the nearest to a name in sight. (Behind the camera is superb Chris Menges; and it shows.) For the difficult key-role of Dith Pran, a 33-year-old doctor, Haing S. Ngor, was discovered: he is magnificent, whether seen putting up with his boss-friend's tantrums, courageously bluffing the trigger-happy Khmer Rouge that Sydney, the *Sunday Times*'s Jon Swain (Julian Sands) and US photographer Al Rockoff (John Malkovich) are French reporters, on *their* side, and so rescuing them from sweaty incarceration in an armoured car and almost certain subsequent curtains, or later stumbling on the appalling wastes strewn with skeletons that are the killing fields of the title.

Offering spectacle that has meaning, the £10m budget is everywhere seen to be well spent: the devastation at Neak Luong, where an American B-52 has misguidedly dropped its bombs, as the 142-minute hybrid, a sort of intimate epic, sets off in August 1973; distraught crowds clogging a road by railway tracks, turfed out of a city soon to be deserted; the serried, seated rows of exhausted peasants, Pran with suppurating face among them, enduring hectoring indoctrination ('Year Zero' has begun): all take their visual and emotional toll.

And there are the sharp, stinging, smaller moments. In a hopelessly understaffed hospital, jammed with wounded and dying, a Scottish doctor (Bill Paterson) assures the reporters, 'Plenty of blood, gentlemen, plenty of blood — the trouble is it's all in the wrong fucking place.' There is what amounts to a tiny film in its own right as a last-minute attempt is made to fake up a British passport for Pran, the photo fatally fading. Earlier, Swain has told Sydney, 'If the going gets rough, I hear our best bet's the French Embassy.' 'Who told you that?' asks Sydney, to get the bleak-comic answer, 'The British Embassy.' But one swift, jagged sequence — when photographer Al verbally attacks Schanberg in a hotel washroom, just after he has received his big award, for having let Pran down — is crucial to the whole enterprise, in a couple of ways. First, there is a

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good deal of validity in the notion that as Nixon (caught spouting lies on TV) and Kissinger were to Cambodia, wrecking it by interference and promises, so — to a degree unintended but ironic — was Schanberg to Dith Pran, who had learned to depend on the American friend and was never likely to helicopter out with his wife and children when apparently offered the occasion. Their lives were too interlinked by then. The second point arises from this and — I must admit — has to do with something low-key and faintly disappointing about *The Killing Fields*.

By the very nature of the largely authentic tale it tells, it is destined to a certain awkwardness in holding together after the marvellously sustained first half (as it were), up to the enforced separation of Schanberg and Pran. One has to be enormously persuaded of the importance and reality of the bond between them if a similar interest and concern are to be kept up while the film cuts between New York and Cambodia. Somehow, for me, the necessary involvement — with its potential yield of pathos, even tragedy, at the personal level — failed to take place. This said, it is a superior entry into what has lately become a sub-genre of cinema, where the newsman becomes at least as significant as the war he is covering.

Also hot from the current LFF comes another first feature, Malcolm Mowbray's blissfully funny **A Private Function**, written to the puncturing hilt by the inimitable Alan Bennett from a Mowbray idea, and an all-round triumph, with Maggie Smith as Joyce, the socially ambitious wife of Michael Palin's mild-mannered chiropodist in a small Yorkshire town. Set in 1947, with the royal wedding about to happen, the plot focusses on a black-market pig, the corrupt local notables (nasty Denholm Elliott, nice Richard Griffiths among them) who are secretly fattening it up for a celebratory banquet, and the way Palin's kidnapping of the potential pork lets Ms Smith into the town's upper echelons. Bennett's dry madness of dialogue and situation incorporates a greedy old mother-in-law, splendid Liz Smith — 'She's 74,' nasally confides daughter Joyce to all and sundry — scared witless of being shunted into a home; the sound of a toenail clinking against a vase; Joyce's brisk 'Right, Gilbert, I think sexual intercourse is in order,' as life bucks up. This deserves to become a classic.

Michael Palin, Maggie Smith and her porcine passport

The merits of three other films sat through range from vestigial to invisible. Paul (*Eating Raoul*) Bartel's **Not for Publication**, another from the LFF, has two jokes in a heavy-handed send-up of muckraking journalism and crooked politicos in New York. J. Lee Thompson's **The Ambassador** deepens those bags under Robert Mitchum's eyes as he blinks through the role of an interfering US diplomat in Israel: dangerous nonsense were it not laughable. Raúl Ruiz's **Three Crowns of the Sailor**, seemingly improvised, should put three more nails in his coffin as a cult-director. □

DANCE

Rich and poor

Stephanie Jordan

Dance Umbrella '84
Riverside
Royal Ballet
Covent Garden

OF ALL Umbrella contributions, Second Stride's is the model of theatrical refinement, yet daring and rigorous, never more than in its current programme. *Silent Partners* by Siobhan Davies contains her richest couple work to date. David Buckland has created a handsome monochrome backcloth of photographic images from the piece, with transparent drops containing splashes of colour forming a corridor with it. The piece is built as a series of duets, culminating, as we can predict, in one for Michele Smith and Philippe Giraudeau; the red in their costumes distinguishing them from their colleagues. Silence allows you to hear the slap and brush of bodies against each other or the floor and the breath that measures the expenditure of their energy. Confrontations range from the disturbing, sharp and rough to those involving the gentle, scarcest touch, expressive of deep need, knowledge and compassion. Some relationships last longer than others or are more important; people emerge, have their say and then pass on into the corridor across the back.

The last duet represents the peak of passion and desperate uncertainty, the special relationship achieved, then something of a resolution as the couple lie down together. A lonely soprano saxophone underlines this crucial moment. The others have dissolved into a community behind the drops, their separate identities now merged.

Further and Further Into Night, the collaboration of Ian Spink, Antony McDonald and composer Orlando Gough is as remote as Davies's piece is immediate. 'A response to Alfred Hitchcock's *Notorious* (set in Rio with Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant), its doubling and trebling of events and characters are most notable. Even the set (in black and white as were the costumes, doubtless inspired by the film) is a double photograph of Copacabana and two beds. Dramatised passages are followed by movement reflections, activities doubled over to fill the stage, or for emphasis: giving the drink to the stranger, meeting the hostess, the scarf incident with erotic undertones. The salient movements are amplified without losing intimacy. It is also a description of cinematic method without parody: the couple clinging together, staggering away from a dreadful ordeal, no longer a cliché when a third figure is added, and other mirror threesomes. Logical time sequences are disturbed, too, in loops of material created by cinematic forward and rewind, or the telescoping of successive incidents. Couturial elegance, as in earlier Spink pieces, is important not only to the nature of the movement but also to the achievement of a surreal theatrical impact by concentrating on externals in a world of intrigue and unarticulated anxieties.

The Made in Britain programmes, expressly for outsiders, were pockmarked with unfinished, hellish disasters, lumping together choreographers with nothing in common. And yet, they produced solos and duets of the highest quality.

Laurie Booth brought much more than topsy-turvy eccentricity to his new solo *Beyond Zero*. Not only his dazzling movement sentences, but the soundtrack — of American writers, Asian music, a lecture on evolution and some curious fellow singing implied counterpoint — nicely demonstrates the oddity of our species. It is Booth at his best, non-didactic, alone on stage, more coherent and richer in ideas than of late.

Ashley Page and Gaby Agis must have learnt much from working together for six weeks, one an RB principal, the other a lively radical. The outcome was a dance about a relationship established *Between Public Places*, moving, partly as a metaphor for their own differences as artists but also as a fundamental expression of suspicion and challenge, yet need for closeness, an account of human interaction, the precarious nature of which is understood. The vocabulary is more familiar from Agis than Page, loose relaxed body contacting, with fast jabs of energy and chains of momentum. Such cross-fertilisation of ballet and modern is rare, but, as proved here, can be productive, the result a collaboration too good to lose.

Page was back in classical guise in Richard Alston's *Coursing* which, on first viewing, seemed a breathless study nervously executed but, at a second, was a stunning five-minute statement of awesome power and intensity held and indulged, then finally and suddenly released. To Oliver Knussen's tumultuous score, two men dance, often in unison, an expression of the might of classical style, in which design and geometry using all the varieties of facing and *épaulement* can be crystallised and dissolved as part of a great rush of movement; thus, the elements of a dance compressed in time. It is Alston's most confident essay in ballet style yet.

Conversely, melting gentle movement is the

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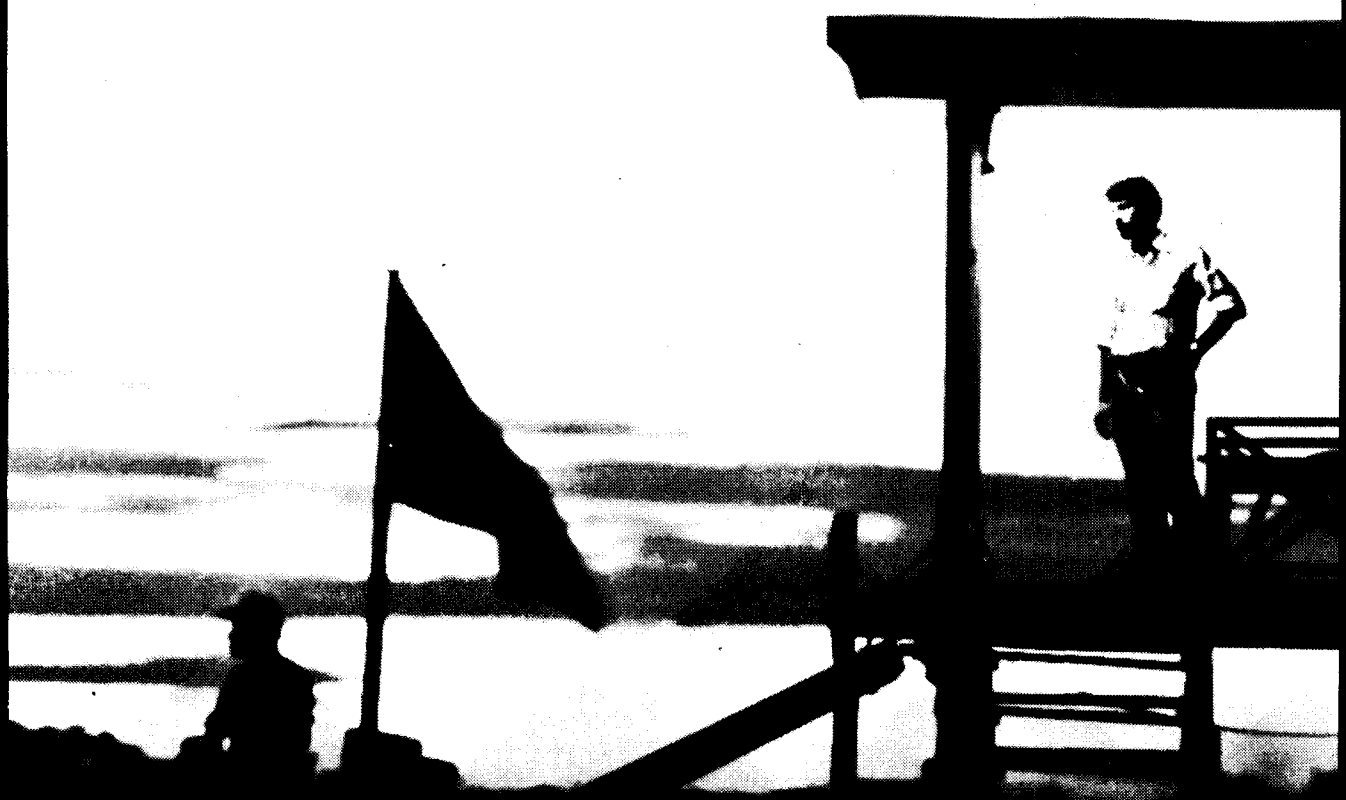
Chariots of Fire..... Gandhi...
every once in a while a film comes along
that is destined to be talked about and
remembered for years to come,
a film that will challenge you,
change you and never let you forget
what you have experienced.
This year that film is **The Killing Fields**...
a story of war and friendship,
the anguish of a country and
of one man's will to live.



"Brilliant film making on an epic scale. Britain's answer to 'Apocalypse Now'."
— Derek Malcolm, The Guardian

THE KILLING FIELDS

15

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basis of work by Miranda Tufnell and Dennis Greenwood, in the rolling sequences, for instance, near the start of *Huge Veil*, their new collaboration with artist David Ward. After this, Ward's enormous cream backcloth and the lighting effects on it become integral to the creation of a work of magical illusion, drama and wit, supernatural images, silhouettes against cool, clean physicality. Juxtapositions between front and back of the cloth are fascinating distortions of the figure concealed, dangerous, desperate imagery, whirlpools of light engulfing the figure in view, suggestions of a colony of spirits out of sight against the unperturbed, unassuming small figures whom we see in front.

Umbrella also brought thrills like Yoshiko Chuma's *Five Car Pile-Up*, a fearsome 20th-century overview with ad hoc cast of a hundred; then wonderboy Michael Clark and Company, guaranteed to fill any doubtful late night spot. But audiences have piled in for all the Umbrella this year, the irony being that its organisers should simultaneously arrange an international forum which demonstrated the lamentable degree of dance funding in this country. Mean we remain domestically and in allocations to those we invite from abroad.

Meanness of ideas persists at the ROH in David Bintley's *Young Apollo*, set to Britten's score with extension by Gordon Crosse. Victor Pasmore produced the designs: enigmatic line drawings on blue, dancers in white tunics, some with black smudges. The ballet is an abstraction of the final pages of Keats's *Hyperion* wherein Mnemosyne reveals Apollo's destiny to him. Bintley's neo-classicism is Balanchine's filtered through MacMillan's *Concerto* — very second-hand, with fatuous parody of Balanchine's own *Apollo* feeding a middle movement featuring the god and three muses. Mark Silver should never have been given the title role, performing its spinning shapeless recitatives ineptly and looking uneasy in the delivery of its comedy. □

MUSIC

Shadow boxing

Andrew Clements

York Höller: Schwarzen Halbinseln
Festival Hall/Radio 3

PRODUCERS and concert planners in the BBC music department have their fads and fancies just like the rest of us. It would be easy to build a whole series of new-music concerts from those composers who at one time or another have found themselves taken under the Corporation's wing and showered with broadcasts and commissions. Many them have later been allowed to subside into relative obscurity and there could be another series, equally extensive, consisting of now established composers whose work was largely ignored by the BBC until the sheer force of their reputations found them space in the schedules.

Predicting the likely development of a composer in his twenties is difficult, and the BBC would no doubt argue that it can put its money on only a few horses in what is a race without an obvious finish and sometimes with no winners at all. Though the coverage of contemporary music on Radio 3 remains partial and (ghetto programmes like 'Music in Our Time' apart) inadequate, the idea of the 'BBC composer' is perhaps less prominent now than it was ten years ago. There are still composers who find more favour than others, but the net is spread a little wider and there is some attempt to reflect what is happening among the younger generations of European composers at least, though the American scene remains very much unexplored.

York Höller belongs to the generation of West German composers which grew up in the shadow of the total serialists and for which Stockhausen must have been an overwhelming presence. Höller, born in 1944, falls neatly between the composers we know well — Henze, Stockhausen, Kagel — and the younger German 'neo-romantics' around whom the London Sinfonietta built a fascinating programme at the Queen Elizabeth Hall three weeks ago: Reinhard Febel, Wolfgang Rihm, Aribert Reimann, Detlev Müller-Siemens. They are young enough to have avoided the constraints of the serialist ethic altogether and to have moved entirely in a different direction. But Höller's music charts his struggle to come to terms with the language he inherited and, though his more recent music shows more independence and an intelligent deployment of the technological marvels available to composers at IRCAM, *Schwarzen Halbinseln*, which the BBC chose to include in last Friday's BBC Symphony Orchestra concert, demonstrates his earlier dilemma with all too much clarity.

Though this was the first performance in Britain of *Schwarzen Halbinseln* ('Black Peninsulas'), it was written in 1972, and uses orchestra and pre-recorded tape in a way that now seems unsophisticated and often crudely illustrative. The piece is built around the poetry of the German expressionist Georg Heym: a phrase from his writings supplies the title, while another poem, '*Nacht*', is included on the tape, and emerges almost coherently in the final moments. No doubt we have been spoilt by some of the technically superb (if musically more dubious) products of the computer controlled electronic studios of the 1980s, but even when Höller was working in the Cologne studio a decade ago there could be more to taped scores than a sequence of pretty background effects.

There are some attractive sounds certainly, neat continuums of live orchestral textures and taped imitations, but no dynamic relationship between the two media. The appearance of the poem at the end confers no coherence on what we have heard previously, which suggests a composer with a tidy ear but no particular structural strengths. Compositions by Höller which the BBC has included in earlier seasons of invitation concerts and studio recordings have revealed a far stronger personality, and it seems odd that it should have lighted upon such an insipid and really uncharacteristic work to present him for the first time in such a public showcase as the South Bank orchestral concerts. □

THEATRE

Sweetener

Benedict Nightingale

Trumpets and Raspberries
DARIO FO *Phoenix*

I WONDER if those who've once again been acclaiming Dario Fo as a master of the art of sugaring the pill have ever actually tried to feed a small child some such confection. They would know that the youngest soon learn to lick off the coating and dump the nutritious part behind their cots.

It would, I suppose, be insulting to accuse London audiences of quite that degree of infantile opportunism; but it would be no less silly to deny that there's something suspicious about a Fo phenomenon that is rapidly becoming a Fo flow. Here's a playwright whom respectable Communist parties have attacked for leaning dangerously far to the Left, one who openly flaunts views you'd normally expect to hear only in embattled little cellar-theatres in Hackney or Deptford. And here he is seeking his third consecutive commercial triumph with his third consecutive laugh-riot in the traditional centre of British bourgeois entertainment.

Well, it could be argued that even the most relentlessly hedonistic tots can't always avoid ingesting bits of pill with their sugar. In fact, one can encourage that process by mixing the medicine with the sweetener, thus tricking them into swallowing both together. Fo did something of the sort in *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, his post-mortem on a terrorist suspect who 'fell' from the upper storey of a Milan cop-shop, and to a lesser extent in *Can't Pay? Won't Pay!*, his tale of a CP stick-in-the-mud liberated and radicalised by a housewives' strike. In both cases the fun, or at least much of it, emerged from his characters' knack for making idiots of the authorities and the authorities' still greater fondness for making idiots of themselves. There was purpose to the fooling, point to the knockabout. The farce itself was functional.

That's less the case with *Trumpets and Raspberries*, in which surgeons erroneously resculpt Mr Fiat, alias Giovanni Agnelli, into a replica of the production-line worker who has rescued him from a blazing car. It is, if you think about it, a situation packed with possibilities, especially for a dramatist consciously in the tradition of the Commedia dell'Arte. One can confidently imagine mischievous trick after mischievous trick being played on the arrogant industrialist, comic humiliation after comic humiliation inflicted on him as he discovers what life is like for his serfs. Yet Fo rejects almost every opportunity to prick the balloon, or, as one would expect him to see it, prick the prick. There are, to be sure, some amusing moments when Griff Rhys Jones's Agnelli is first seen squinting, twitching and fatuously burbling in his wheelchair, then strutting round his hospital room like a

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clockwork dummy; but he's rarely the butt of the fun that follows.

Actually, I found myself laughing as freely as I had at *Accidental Death* and *Can't Pay* on two occasions only. Once was at the bewilderment of Gwen Taylor when the man she believed to be her husband emerged now from the kitchen, now from the attic, each time disquietingly different in his clothes and manner. And there was a long, hilarious episode involving a helmet seemingly custom-designed for a fashion-conscious reptile from one of the obscurer planets in the *Star Wars* series. Mistaking him for Agnelli, Miss Taylor fits this exotic tubular contraption round her husband's head, perches a mincer on top, and proceeds conscientiously to force-feed him through his nose. But what are we laughing at? Not at the auto-king, that's for sure. Rather, at the disbelief and consternation of his helpless employee. In other words, where the farce is at its funniest, it's also at its least functional.

Let me not suggest I've some priggishly principled objection to laughing at people below a certain level in the income-scale. I'm happy to roll in the aisles for anyone, king or beggar. But Fo's great contribution to the contemporary theatre has been to reconcile lecture room with big top, to demonstrate that didacticism and clowning, so far from being incompatible, can be fused into the most beguiling of alloys. So one is bound to feel some sense of let-down when one finds what's presumably meant to be the central idea of *Trumpets and Raspberries* reduced to a sort of earnest afterthought, like a big Beethoven chord or two tacked on to the end of a piece by Hoffnung.

It would help if Rhys Jones had distinguished more strongly between Agnelli and his wage-slave. It would certainly help if he'd made the auto-magnate a bit tougher, brusquer and more sinister, though that would admittedly have been a hard task for an actor doomed by nature to look like a big, genial blend of Desperate Dan and Winnie-the-Pooh. But it would help still more if Fo didn't suddenly ask him to leap on to the furniture and triumphantly reveal how the government has reacted to his imagined kidnapping: it has agreed to trade his safety for all and more of the convicted terrorists it refused to release in the case of Aldo Moro. 'I am the State, the capital I represent *is* the State,' cries Rhys Jones, Mr Fiat transformed into Mr Italy and then transfigured into a parody of Michelangelo's Mr Universe. I and my fellow-members of the audience did, I think, leave *Accidental Death* feeling rather more cynical about Italian law-and-order; but I can't believe any of us trooped out of Fo's latest effort with a different view of Italian power itself. Instead, we did what we might have been expected to do — we forgot his pill altogether and nostalgically sucked the sugar left sticking to our teeth. □

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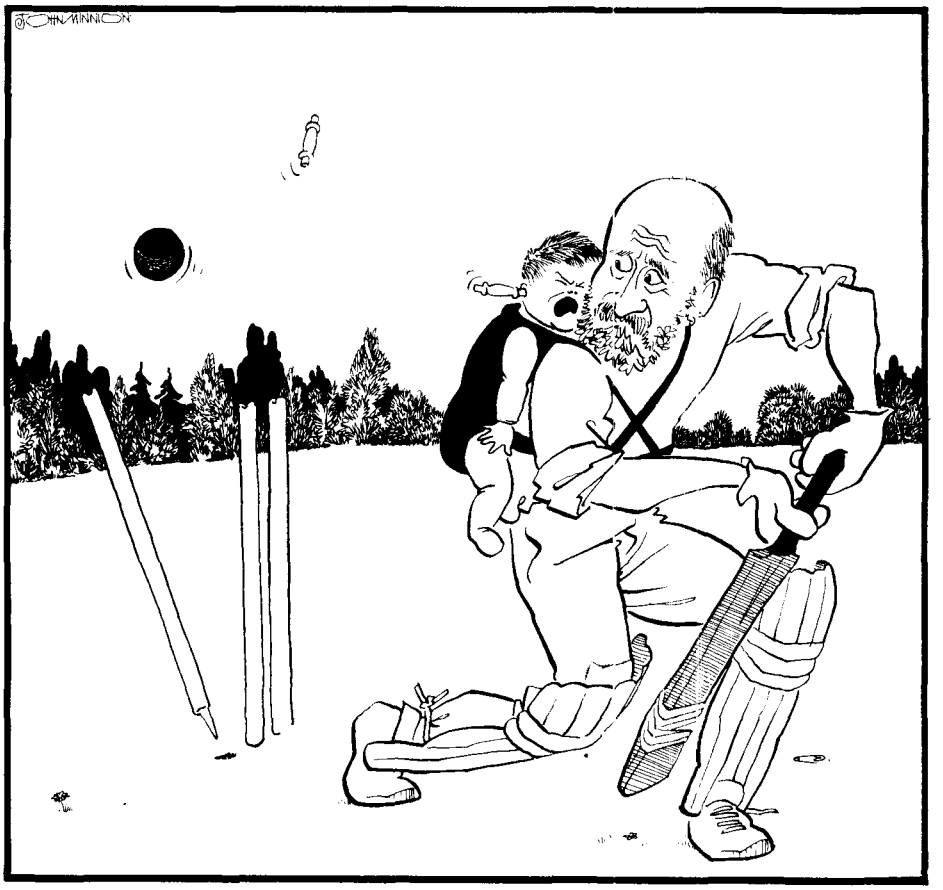

John Minnion

Defensive batting

Christian Wolmar

IT STARTS with an innocent question: 'Are you feeling tired, darling?' Then, 'I think I'll stay up and watch the telly for a bit, if you want to go to bed.' The scene is a million living rooms on a Saturday night, with a couple stuck in babysitting for the umpteenth weekend in a row. The above approach is simply the most disingenuous of a number of alternatives. What he really means is: 'If she goes to bed now, I can still catch the last half hour of *Match of the Day*.'

The sexual divide in sport is not absolute. But, in general, the immediate sexual assumptions hold — most men love it, most women don't. You have to search high and low for a woman who would willingly watch edited highlights of a soccer match, let alone pay good money to go to one.

This leaves their menfolk with a problem, particularly those who are in any way seeking to challenge society's sexist values. They can try to be entirely 'right on' and give up any hope of taking an interest in the activity for ever, never even so much as turning to the back of the newspaper; alternatively, they can try to compromise, grabbing what they can by stealth or negotiation ('I'll take the kids to their grandparents on Sunday, so you can take them to the park on Saturday') or they can embark on a war of attrition on the issue which is bound to lead to the end of yet another beautiful relationship.

I confess I plump for the middle road. It's not so much watching the odd football match that's the problem but playing cricket. Cricket is the archetypal invention of man. The shortest reasonable version of the game takes up an afternoon and summer evening. By the time you've travelled to the ground, changed and had your shower afterwards, there's hardly time to have an evening out and you won't have managed to have lunch at home. Women have rarely had the time and space to embark on such a time-consuming activity, nor would most choose to take up those precious summer week-end days if they did.

In conventional cricket clubs, women are allocated the supporting role of making the tea, in addition to washing the whites afterwards (only men could have made white the uniform of a game played on green grass and brown earth with a red ball that has to be wiped on trousers to keep it shiny). I note in my travels, however, that there are fewer and fewer women prepared to take up their week-end afternoons watching

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their men play fourth-rate cricket — a welcome tribute to feminism whose long fingers reach parts of society where the word itself is unheard.

In the *New Statesman* team, of course, we bring our own tea and we try to encourage women to play. We were even scheduled to play against a women's team but the elements intervened. But women have to be awfully courageous to play with a bunch of men who, from their debut in the primary school soccer team, have been imbued with both the ethic and the skills of sport, advantages compounded by their natural superior strength.

It's not only sexism that's wrong with sport. The guilt and furtiveness of socialists who play or watch it reveal their unspoken awareness of a fundamental political critique which makes it an unacceptable activity for the truly principled. The competitiveness which is the very essence of sport is its most unpleasant trait. Trying to do your opponent down, even in the more genteel games like bowls or badminton, is hardly an enlightening activity.

Sport has overtaken religion as the people's narcotic and yet it is a far emptier activity, as illustrated weekly by the inarticulateness of those poor over-exposed 'sick as a parrot' soccer managers. What, after all, can you *say* about a football match? ('The midfield was sheer poetry don't you think, Brian'?)

Then there's sport's adulation of heroes who naturally tend to the right since their political views have been shaped by the competitive environment in which they work. Steve Davis gets the prize here for his remarks about preferring to 'pot reds' at a Tory pre-election rally in 1983.

Socialist men have largely colluded to ignore or play down all these traits of sport, side-stepping the rather interesting issues raised by its political nature. For example, how can any self-respecting socialist really support Thatcher's England in an international soccer match? The significance of the 5-0 West Indies victory in the cricket test series in the summer was not, however, missed by the *Caribbean Times* which wrote, hoping for victory as the second match started, 'Cricket is an English game brought to the West Indies by the white man. To a people brutalised through slavery, to a people whose very psyche had been torn to bits by the inhumanity of the white man, what better way to symbolically avenge the humiliation of generations.' In the face of such a deeply-felt perspective, supporting England is clearly not an innocent, apolitical act.

It is not surprising that those areas where women are becoming more involved in sport are those like aerobics and jogging which least display its more obnoxious and aggressive features. They are pastimes which can be undertaken by young and old and that involve little competition. Aerobics is a half-way staging post between art and sport and its success shows there is a vacuum for the sort of alternative sports culture which existed in the immediate aftermath of the Russian revolution. In the meantime, I've stuck the *New Statesman* cricket averages, lovingly composed by our captain John Minnion, on my bedroom wall in memory of a glorious summer and in anticipation of the first sound of leather on willow next year. □

Naseem Khan

Old folk

ANNUAL General Meetings are on the whole a placid form of organisation. The English Folk Dance and Song Society's AGM recently seemed as sedate as the image of folk today might lead you to expect. The large, functional hall of Cecil Sharp House was packed with around 400 members and busy with an air of friendly bonhomie. The questions were those identikit ones that seem somehow to surface in every single AGM of a voluntary society — the situation of the bar, the standard of caretaking ('I was given the brush-off last year'), the organisation of the accounts. Listeners might have been excused for nodding off and thinking all was well.

The alert, however, would have pricked up their ears at a question that started off innocently enough as a query about 'certain aspects of trends in the cash position'. For the questioner went on meticulously to pinpoint and analyse the malaise that many feel is at the heart of the EFDSS: falling income from donations, falling membership and, above all, rising average age of remaining members. There was a pause when he had finished. Then, yes, said the Chair unhappily, that was 'a perceptive and wholly accurate analysis'. There was, however, no gasp of shock throughout the room — where indeed the incidence of the hale and white-haired was quite high. This was clearly no new revelation. But what was also missing was any indication of how the Society intends to fight its way out of what could be a tragic tail-spin.

The EFDSS, the flagship of folk in this country, has had a long and honourable history since its formation from two separate societies in 1932. At the heart of the folk revival, it built on the pioneering work of Cecil Sharp and others, forming a national network, establishing the large base in London's Camden Town and its invaluable library. Much has happened outside the walls of what members of the EFDSS reverently called 'the House' in the 50 or so years since the society's formation. The initial impetus with the discovery and documentation of a still living rural folk tradition receded, while other moves occurred — the new folk wave of the Fifties (including skiffle), the burgeoning of the club scene, introduction of new material like industrial songs (the recent mining songs, for instance, are particularly apposite today). The rock and pop world leaned on and borrowed from folk, while groups like the Incredible String Band and Fairport Convention broadened its appeal. The new organisation Perform emerged. Festivals multiplied (there are about 80 today) and so did the number of people actually involved actively in this most democratic of areas. In 1934, for instance, there were six morris sides left in Britain; now there are over 400. The EFDSS estimates that 50,000 people a year regularly join in folk song or dance, while 250,000 do so occasionally.

Most of this activity took place without the active involvement of the Society. As interest flourished outside, the fabric of the flagship, ironically, deteriorated. The Society's finances tottered and its own activities in the House shrank. (Why were attendances at the Friday night dances so poor, it was asked at the AGM. Why had the Albert Hall concert to be cancelled?) But if it is the case that the EFDSS is a grand beached vessel, with the tide running fast past it, is this not one of those stories of decline and fall that should be accepted rather than fought? A reasonable interpretation could be that folk is doing well enough without the EFDSS so why bother?

In fact, the EFDSS is tied in closely with the fortunes of folk at large. It is true that the numbers of people involved in folk and the clubs have grown. But there is another side to it. The position of folk in the official arts pantheon of Britain is a lowly one. There is little funding — the Arts Council will not support it. There is little media coverage (compare it with the time given to jazz). In general it's regarded by the world outside as a slightly comic, outdated affair. 'Try anything,' Sir Thomas Beecham apparently once jocularly declared, 'except incest and folk dancing.' The low status of the field has led to a slow haemorrhage. Because there is little money in folk, it has become increasingly hard for professionals to hold their heads above water. Figures show a steady decline in the numbers of professionals working in the folk circuit since 1972. Because it has become edged out of mainstream arts thinking, the funding bodies are loath to step in. If the general awareness of folk is to change, then it must be the job of the English Folk Dance and Song Society. Historically they have kept themselves away from the hurly-burly of the world of subsidy. (Sadly they have made no inroads with the GLC who, of all people, could have appreciated an art form with roots that are so notably popular and radical.) But there's no question that they need it — the answer to their financial dilemma is not to grow smaller and smaller (with the danger they might actually vanish and no one notice). They need it to set up training schemes for musicians, to subsidise some major performances, to continue documentation (including filming) and research. But they also need it for the undeniable psychological lift that funding gives to an art form.

At the moment people involved in folk see themselves as proponents of under-rated, unrespected arts. More often than not, they compare the money given to ethnic arts with their state; in all logic they are bound to. It is hard to justify its position at the official edges. At its very best, folk represents a rich vein of community history, a present source of active enjoyment and even a potential vehicle (look at the new songs in A.L Lloyd's 'Folk Song in England') for expression in the future. It also enshrines the absolutely basic belief that the arts are for doing. It is a principle and a programme that could easily keep the EFDSS busy for the next 50 years. □

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TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Miss Steak

'ONCE UPON a time there lived many beautiful princesses who came from many lands in search of . . .' In search of what exactly? Prince Charming? Watching **Miss World** (ITV) for the first time I couldn't help wondering what in the world was being represented. A brothel? A slave market? An anti-meat-eating satire? Or just an amateur variety show to sell TV commercials? If the girls were peddling their appearances, the much-mooted qualities of poise, personality and intelligence seemed like elaborate red herrings to befuddle the IBA. Confusion (mine at least) was established early when the women popped up in 'national costume' (cockerels, postmen and giant waterlilies) and danced with Michael Jackson-clone toy soldiers in a setting of Old Ruritania. Everyone presented arms, there was a drum roll, a fanfare. 'And then it happened: Miss Sandy Lewis of the Virgin Isles!' Ready! Aim! Fire! Miss Lewis smiled like she'd caught the bullet between her pearly teeth and was never seen again.

For speed and contrast the countries were now shot down in threes, the rival Miss Japan and Miss Korea held apart by the fierce Miss Kenya, and so on. Obviously they had tried to split up the blondes as much as possible, but still they were everywhere. Even the Lebanon and Uruguay had come up with one and Miss India was white as a sheet.

All the blondes smiled the biggest because they knew from experience that they had a better chance than Miss Thailand, even though almost anyone from Thailand is prettier than Miss GB, who looks American. Three pages of Miss GBs in the *TV Times*, '58-'84, each with her statutory 60-word caption (a resourceful writing job this) reveals an astonishing shift of taste away from English good looks towards the American/Dallasty-type mask. The swing begins in 1977 with Madeleine Stringer auditioning for drum majorette, continues through Michelle Donnelly of the Pepsi Generation and culminates in the blatant US internationalism of Vivienne Rooke, our 1984 model. This is the soap opera effect, in which voluminous doll-curls and gush stand in for bone structure and cool. A pity (though one shouldn't sound as if one cared). By the time I had checked 72 near-nude female humans descending a staircase I was sure of only one thing: it is harder to have decent legs than regular features and a fixed smile, which most girls wielded like a kind of strip-tease for the teeth.

Pretty soon all the dark, frizzy and slant-eyed ones are counted out by the judges and the others sing: 'A song for the world / is the song we sing today / to show we all can live / in hah-money / to show we care . . .' We are left with ladies from Iceland, Ireland, Holland, Germany, Canada, UK, USA and any other white, non-commie country which can drum up a double-glazed blonde of some kind.

Interview time. Miss Canada, a Princess Di lookalike, 'enjoys' horseback riding. Miss Colombia has a golf handicap. Miss Holland wants to meet Boy George 'because he thinks only about himself and I like that'. The childlike Miss Austria is studying psychology, she says, 'to develop my personality', which, at a glance, needs no development. If they all look rather young to you, I'm afraid that's our problem, not theirs.

The Alternative Miss World (C4) was a far more democratic and unselfish affair. It is the difference between a stultifying 'straight' poetry reading and one of those underground poetry jamborees at the Albert Hall, where no one is a poet but everyone loves dressing up and performing a 'Sneeze Furore' or a 'Zen acid flower mantra' with their arms stretched out to rapturous self-applause on all the sex-words.

The Andrew Logan Miss Worlds have been memorable parties for a certain set for over ten years now and this was his most lavish and ambitious yet, staged in a big-top on Clapham Common in the winter of '78. It was a party you could only gate-crash by entering the beauty competition: all the rest had to pay, and from the film it looked as though all London was queuing up to do so. 'This is the first time more girls than men have entered,' said commentator Molly Parkin, 'although they haven't got a cat in hell's chance of winning.'

The judges, Joan Bakewell among them, were housed in the lions' cage. The usherette was wearing a globe. The contestants teetered down a very steep red-draped staircase in fancy dress: sauce bottles, nuclear mutations, Marilyn Monroe. First on was Miss Wolverhampton Municipal Baths. 'It's a good name, isn't it?' said Parkin. 'I once had a miscarriage in Wolverhampton.' Even as she spoke, on came Miss Linda Carriage, followed by Jill Bruce wearing nothing but blue paint. Miss Autumn Dolly was indisposed, so we passed to my own favourite, Miss Piss, a woman who held a chamber pot between her legs, farting, though not performing into it as far as I could establish. 'What does Miss Piss do?' asked someone. 'She works with the disadvantaged, I believe, and gypsies.' Nobody liked Miss Piss because she seemed to be taking rather than giving that fluid. I thought 'Miss Peru' might be a crossover from the other show but it turned out to be a drunk who fell down the staircase and burst into tears.

After day-wear and swim-wear it was time for Divine, a mountainous American Diana Dors impersonator, to do the interviews. 'There goes beef on a hook!' said someone. 'I wonder, is she pregnant?' mused the demure Ms Parkin. 'I wonder can she *get* pregnant!' Had Divine got any advice for us in London? 'EAT!' screamed the lady who once devoured a dog turd in a film. The best response to questioning came from the beauty queen who said her favourite holiday spot was AC/DC, but the overall winner was Stevie Hughes, Miss Linda Carriage: 'It took me twenty years to get here for three seconds of fabulousness,' said Stevie, riding on the winner's donkey. 'What does it all mean?' Hughes's father is a police superintendent in West Allerton. I expect he was asking himself the same question. □

Weekend competition

No 2849 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Country people are apt (or were in the Good Old Days) to produce little rhymed sayings about the weather, plants, animals: 'Red sky at night, shepherds' delight'; 'Cast ne'er a clout till May be out'; etc. Could we have similar bits of folklore wisdom for Fleet Street, the House of Commons, the Law Courts, or some other part of the modern urban environment? Max. five entries per comper by 5 December.

No 2846 **Set by A. Boteman**

Lullabies or nursery songs updated for singing to the young Prince Henry.

Report **By Di Dact**

A curious contradiction here: on the one hand, we're quite *contorted* with sneers for what's known as 'the popular press'; on the other, we're perfectly mesmerised by the prince's mama's new coiffure. (And no less intrigued by his uncle's romantic activities.) Might we be trying to have our cake and to eat it? On the whole, a could-try-harder, punches-pulled sort of entry — the best of which are printed below and earn their composers eight pounds each.

Hush-a-bye, Harry, in cradle of gold,
Whatever the weather you won't feel the cold.
Pickets of nannies will keep you secure
From miners, and dockers, and wolves at the door.

Rock-a-bye, Harry, the Windsor line's sound;
Snug in your station, with Charles and Di round,
You'll not share the terrors that harass the prole:
Cuts, unemployment, high rents and the dole.

Come Revolution and crowned heads will fall,
Till then, in purple, gurgle and bawl.

D. A. PRINCE

Where are you going to, my pretty Mum,
With your red rosy cheeks and your new golden mop?
A-public-relationing, Harry old chum,
And it's slumming a little that keeps us on top.

May I go with you, my pretty Mum,
With your red rosy cheeks and your golden bird's nest?
Just sit on a rug on your little royal bum
And the silly old media will do all the rest.

LYNDON T. MOLE

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To fetch a little rabbit skin,
What trouble that'll land him in! V. ERNEST COX

Dance for the cameras
Coo to the cameras
Wave for the cameras
Give a toothless grin.
You'll get knitted mittens
From devoted Britons
Cuddly bears and kittens
When the post comes in. KEN RUDGE

Hush-a-bye Harry on family Tree Top,
If Republicans blow the cradle may rock
And if the Banks break
The cradle may fall
And down will come Harry
and Daddy and Mummy and William and Grannie
and Grandpa and Great-Grannie, and Aunties
and Uncles and cousins... KIT MOUAT

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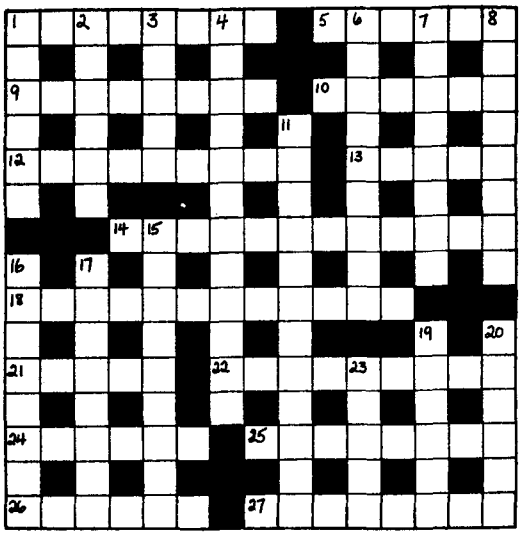
Weekend Crossword 1461

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1461, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 4 December.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

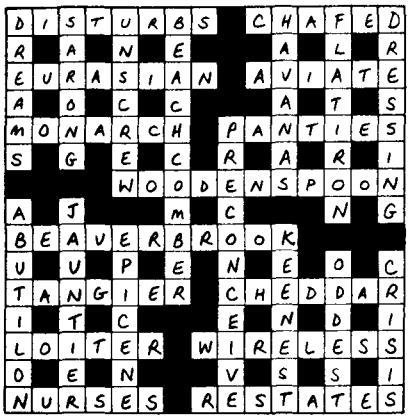
1. Democratic device possibly used to con elite (8)
5. In flower when there is little left in sudden prosperity (6)
9. Male goes with female egghead for free (8)
10. Combines one with two points (6)
12. It is a sign of old age when we are without success with an old musical (5,4)
13. City makes old man a backward worker (5)
14. What is said in court after it has been let (5,7)
18. Outdoor worker who gives a warning cry to an unknown person (6,6)
21. Foreigner with a right to retain possession (5)
22. An academic sinecure is a comfortable thing (4,5)
24. Flags appear when one rebels (6)
25. Riding which makes one get into gear before time (8)
26. One who can stick a tory politician (6)
27. Pastry that is mixed for roughness (8)

DOWN

1. Be slow in moving the joints (6)
2. Ancient Greek expected back about nine minutes to two? (6)
3. Experience in court as testimony to legal knowledge (5)
4. Road goes east in new tory seat after reshuffle (6,6)
6. Hard thing about a role as emperor (9)
7. Leave behind, getting us to change before the journey (8)
8. Wine would be something essential if the pet disappeared (8)
11. Military command shows gift is dangerous for cockney (8,4)
15. Not honest because held in tangled rein (9)
16. Obliterating the opposite of what is almost accurate in a blunder (8)
17. Religion in which a fish lives in a barrel (8)
19. Where one is separated from mother by legislation (6)
20. A fish goes among the young without restraint (6)
23. A class in arithmetic as teachers prefer it (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1459



Prizewinners to 1459

Rob Montana (Bradford)
M.L. Murray (Edinburgh)
Thelma Pashley (Wheatley, Oxon.)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

THE NATIONAL UNION OF JOURNALISTS
require a
GENERAL FINANCE CLERK

to work in the area of union contributions. A background in basic accounts and/or mathematics is essential. The successful candidate will be required to join APEX and a knowledge of and a sympathy towards the union movement would be a distinct advantage.

Salary: **£7,163** p.a. Holiday four weeks in first years rising to six weeks after six years. Rail loans, contributory pension scheme.

Application, enclosing a full c.v., should be submitted by *4 December* to **the Head Office Administrator, NUJ, Acorn House, 314 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP.**

The NUJ is an equal opportunities employer.

HOUNSLOW COMMUNITY RELATIONS COUNCIL
requires in conjunction with
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To be responsible for initiating policies/projects concerning elimination of racial discrimination in employment, promotion of equality of opportunity and development of co-operatives. Demanding position. Degree in Industrial Relations or equivalent qualification with experience highly desirable. Knowledge of race relations and Trade Union Laws an advantage. This post is currently temporary for 2 years.

Application form and job description from the **Senior Community Relations Officer, Hounslow CRC, 1 Treaty Road, Hounslow TW3 1DX. Tel: 01-570 1168 (ask for Carol).**

Closing date: 7 December 1984.

QUAKER PEACE AND SERVICE
Darye Macaane Refugee Camp, NW Somalia
COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT CO-ORDINATORS req May/June 1985

To continue and extend ways in which refugees and the local population can be taught and develop self sufficiency skills. Community Development qualifications/experience in overseas countries is essential and some useful practical skills an advantage. Married couple preferred. Minimum three year contract. Modest maintenance allowances and fares paid, plus other emoluments. Further information from **Alma Harding, Service Projects Secretary, Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ. Tel. (01) 387 3601. Closing date 30 December 1984.**

VACANCY FOR DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION ASTMS

Applications are invited for the position of Director of Education at the ASTMS Whitehall College, Bishop's Stortford, Herts. This is a National Officer post and will carry the appropriate responsibility and authority. The appointee will be responsible to the National Executive Council for the management of the Association's educational resources and for carrying out the Association's educational policy. He/she will head the existing team of Lecturers and will also be responsible for the preparation and development of teaching material. Teaching experience is necessary.

The position will be subject to a probationary period.
The salary is £17,850 p.a.

The College is residential and some evening and weekend involvement is required.

Application forms are obtainable from the **General Secretary, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES.** The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is **Monday 31 December 1984.**

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APPOINTMENTS

CIRCULATION & DISTRIBUTION MANAGER

This is a key post in an expanding company. NS Distribution handles eight titles, including New Statesman, New Society and City Limits, and is actively marketing its services to new clients.

We're now looking for someone to take on the management and administration of our services. This involves liaison with publishers, wholesalers and our own sales team, and includes full responsibility for supplies, despatch and the provision of sales figures. NS Distribution is fully computerised and some experience in this area would be an advantage.

Age is not important, but experience of the news trade and the ability to work under pressure are essential. Salary negotiable depending on experience; but at least £10,000 plus company car.

Applications, including full CV, should be sent to **Peter Jones, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1.**

The New Statesman is an equal opportunities employer and welcomes applications regardless of race or sex.

NS Distribution

SECRETARY to ASSISTANT GENERAL SECRETARIES

Shorthand, audio and copy typing, and office administration, assisting in operating information systems. Scope for initiative and job development. Knowledge of, and interest in, trade unions and social issues an advantage.

Salary: on a scale within the range £6,831 to £7,944 depending upon experience; inclusive of London Weighting (award pending).

For further details contact: **NAPO, 3-4 Chivalry Road, London SW11 1HT. Tel. 01-223 4887/7394**

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fully experienced to trial balance to maintain our books of accounts and subscriptions system. Experience in publishing an advantage. Enthusiasm for jazz preferable. Salary by negotiation. Application in writing with CV to:

The Wire Jazz Magazine
51 Beak Street, London W1.
01-437 0882

EXPERIENCED TUTOR wanted for position in Bolivia to be responsible for the complete academic education of 10 year-old boy. Beautiful surroundings and generous salary. Contact L. Bruckmann, 56 Remsen Avenue, Monsey, New York 10952, USA.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

THE LABOUR PARTY
require
RESEARCH OFFICER

The International Department require a Research Officer who should be well versed in modern international politics with appropriate experience. The successful candidate will be able to offer specialist knowledge of two of the following three subjects: *North American politics, Latin American politics and Third World developments*. He or she will also be expected to monitor other areas or subjects as needs arise.

Candidates should have proven administrative ability and experience relevant to the preparation of research and briefing papers. Membership of the Labour Party is essential and the ability to speak/read Spanish would be a considerable advantage.

Salary range, inclusive of London Weighting £10,420-£12,080 p.a. dependent on suitable experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms and further details are available from: **The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT (tel. 01-703 1064)** and should be returned by **Friday 7 December 1984.**

The Labour Party is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

CDS CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT SERVICES (LIVERPOOL) LTD

Co-operative Development Services (Liverpool) Ltd is a community-based housing association serving twenty housing co-ops and improving and managing homes in housing action areas. Its Management Committee is controlled by co-op delegates and tenants' representatives and employs 35 staff. CDS has established a national reputation especially for its work with new-build housing co-ops formed by families from deprived areas.

Following the appointment of George Howarth as Chief Executive of the Wales Co-op Centre, a vacancy now exists for a

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Salary in range SO1 £9,060 to £9,945 (plus 1984 NALGO Award)

to promote and co-ordinate training programmes for Housing Co-ops and their members; undertake early development work with groups forming co-ops; and assist with a wide range of co-operative and community initiatives.

The main requirements are:

- practical experience of adult education and effective communication skills
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Telephone (051) 708 0674 for details and a form, to be returned to

Catherine Meredith
Director
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Liverpool L1 4EU

No later than **13 December 1984**

CDS is an equal opportunities employer and strongly welcomes applications from members of ethnic minority groups, from disabled people and from both sexes regardless of marital status.

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APPOINTMENTS

NATIONAL ORGANISER

The ASSOCIATION OF CINEMATOGRAPH, TELEVISION AND ALLIED TECHNICIANS seeks applications for the post of NATIONAL ORGANISER in the film and television industry.

The successful applicant will primarily be required to service the Union's regional structure and to take responsibility for the Union's growing Workshop sector.

The post will be based at the Union's headquarters in London, but will entail regular travel throughout the United Kingdom. The Organiser's functions will include negotiations with employers at local and national level in relation to recruitment, organisation and the introduction and monitoring of the Union's agreements in film and television. Additionally, the post will entail servicing and attendance at Committees at regional and national level and the representation of members in individual disputes. Attendance at regular evening and weekend meetings is required.

Knowledge of the film and/or broadcasting industry will be an advantage, and applicants will be expected to have appropriate experience within and commitment to the trade union movement.

There is a three-months' probationary period, after which the post is permanent and pensionable.

Full details of the post are available from: **Alan Sapper, General Secretary, ACTT, 2 Soho Square, London W1V 6DD.**

Final applications for the post should reach ACTT not later than Friday, 7 December 1984.

RUSKIN COLLEGE OXFORD

The post of **General Secretary** becomes vacant on retirement of present holder in summer 1985. Applications for the post are now invited.

The General Secretary is the senior College Administrative Officer and Secretary to the Governors.

Salary scale: University Admin Grade 3.

Further particulars from The Principal.

Socialist Environment & Resource Association

requires a

PART-TIME CO-ORDINATOR

Candidates should be socialists with some campaigning and administrative experience. Ability to write, organise & work effectively with other organisations essential.

Please send applications to:

Andy Roberts, c/o SERA, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG
Tel. 01-439 3749
Closing date 7 Dec. 1984

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY WITH over twenty years experience with MP/Cabinet Minister and earlier with authors seeks part-time work. Very flexible and lives in central London. Box 9733.

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FINANCE HOUSE. Business, mortgage and personal brokerage etc. 705 Moston Lane, Manchester M10 9QD. 061-682 7130.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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MODERN STUDIO FLAT for sale, Belsize Park, NW3. Tel. 01-586 4511.

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NOVELIST OVER 35, female, quiet, fastidious, needs own room/bath in attractive flat/house with other professional. Or housesitting? London. References. 01-821 7061.

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TALK

PAUL FOOT on 'George Orwell & 1984' Thurs. 29 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. See Billboard page 37.

MEETINGS

PEOPLE AGAINST WAR. Study Weekend in Oxford 7-9 Dec. £14 (£9 unwaged). Meals £6 inclusive. Accommodation arranged in private houses. Details by 1 Dec. please from: East West Peace People, Tony Weaver, 1 St Barnabas Villas, London SW8 2EH. Tel. 01-720 4241.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 25 Nov. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The Ethel M. Wood Memorial Lecture entitled: 'THE BIBLE: STORY AND PLOT' will be given by Professor F. Kermode (Formerly Lord Northcliffe Professor of Modern English Literature, University College London, and King Edward VII Professor of English Literature, University of Cambridge; author of 'The Sense of an Ending', 'The Genesis of Secrecy' and 'The Art of Telling') at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday 4 December 1984 in the New Theatre, at King's College London, Strand, London WC2R 2LS. Admission Free, Without Ticket.

THE ISAAC DEUTSCHER MEMORIAL LECTURE
Barbara Taylor, winner of the 1983 Prize, will speak on
'Feminism and the Radical Tradition'
26 Nov. 7.30 p.m.
London School of Economics
New Theatre
Houghton St, WC2
Adm. Free

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ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARE YOU male, 30-38, complete opposite of lentil eating, crumpled cords, nature trek shoes etc.? Are humorous, handsome, into wine, music, beauty, elegance, and want to meet attractive, feminine lady, 31, for light-hearted/tender relationship, please write/phone. Greater Manchester/nearby. Box 9793.

ATTRACTIVE 53 year-old Jewish divorcee, wishes to meet personable man, for congenial friendship, sharing common interests: theatre, travel, reading, meeting friends, entertaining. Box 9707.

'AWAKENED' EURASIAN Gemini, alone in the new age, awaits his magical, Aquarian soul-partner. Come soon for our life's work lies before us. Together, may we find Jerusalem and walk, enchanted, through the garden of this planet. Box 9764.

BEAUTIFUL, LONELY London lady, 51, seeks unattached, amiable, solvent, socialist, non-smoking, male companion. Interested theatre, music, cinema, talking, eating and drinking. Box 9755

BLACK GENTLEMAN, 28, quiet and shy, non-smoker, seeks considerate, genuine and understanding female, for intimate and permanent relationship. Box 9796.

BLOKE, 36, graduate; enjoys cinema, offbeat theatre, social life, drinks, travel. Social policy job. Leftish but not active. Would like to meet independent woman for committed relationship. London. Box 9732.

CENTRAL LONDON woman, 37, divorced, herpes victim, non-graduate, non-professional, but intelligent, enjoying home/family, city culture, seeks compatible, non-smoking man contemplating permanent, monogamous relationship. Box 9742.

CROHN'S DISEASE sufferer, early 30s, seeks girlfriend/soulmate (fellow sufferer?) for love and understanding. Midlands, but try me from anywhere. Box 9763.

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DRUNK; fascinating, penurious bigot seeks radical feminist for eating, drinking, and abusing. Twenty seven, adolescent with pensionable tendencies so age irrelevant. Essex/London, even beyond. Box 9753.

ECLECTIC, CHIC, cosmopolitan 'Guardian' gal (London) invites unattached, sixty-plus *male kindred spirit. R.s.v.p. to Box 9756*

EDINBURGH: MID-Scotland, attractive, slim, woman, 40s, seeks man with vitality, sense of humour, wide interest in arts, left politics, the outdoors. Age unimportant. Box 9797.

ENGLISH WRITER (29), socialist, living London but moving to France early 1985, seeks independent (and solvent) woman of Indian or Bangladeshi origin, similar age. Box 9741.

FIT NORTH WEST woman with everything but a good man, wants male equivalent, aged about 38-48. Box 9739.

GAY MALE, presentable, youthful early 40s, straight looks, reserved; seeks companionship of London non-scene, masculine, active friend of similar age. Box 9760.

GRADUATE, 26, NW London, ordinary appearance, serious but friendly, seeks friendly girl, 18-30, for romantic relationship. Interests: politics, theatre, cinema, books, music, travel. Box 9757.

GRADUATE STUDENT, non-smoking, 32, Oxford, seeks female companion. Box 9738.

HANDSOME INDIAN gentleman, 25, pragmatic, friendly, caring, educated, arty. Seeking mature lady, 25-35. Write now you lonely ladies. Have a meal on me. All letters answered. Box 9745.

INDEPENDENT, PROFESSIONAL woman, 39 (with small person in tow), London area, seeks unattached, professional male for conventional companionship, smoker preferred. Phone and identikit please. Box 9711.

INDIVIDUALISTIC FEMALE (30), single. Does any man exist who is prepared to try to know me before he dares to claim he loves me? Box 9761.

INTELLECTUAL MAN, 30, London, Oxbridge educated, successful career, warm, lively, leftist, wide interests, has everything in life, except loving relationship with special woman. Photo? Box 9776.

IRISH GUY 34, working-class, non-smoker, non-drinker, fond of walking, talking, tea and theatre, would like to meet intelligent and humorous lady. London/Herts. Box 9798.

LADY, ATTRACTIVE, auburn, not slim, early sixties, seeks happy male partnership, possible flatshare, if compatible. Box 9799.

LADY, 57, fair, energetic, friendly, warm-natured, retired and interested in change of domicile, seeks kind, intelligent man, for loving relationship. Box 9779.

LADY, QUIETLY attractive, early 50s, no ties, driver, N. London would travel, seeks home-life, normal interests, gentleman, preferably non-smoker, kind, heavy build. Friendship, marriage. Box 9752.

LECTURER/WRITER, 45, considered attractive, recently separated, seeks woman, 35-40, in perhaps similar circumstances (with children?) within car ride of Cardiff. Box 9777.

LONELY, SHY socialist man, 33, Birmingham, into politics, wandering, travel and especially people, trying to put things back together, seeks female companion for sharing and caring. Box 9665.

LONDON BASED Scotsman, graduate, 30, seeks cat-loving, non-Tory lady, any nationality. Warm personality preferred to good looks, but willing to accept both! Box 9758.

MALE, ANTI-NUCLEAR (*power, bomb,* family), sociable, into media, arts, languages, travel, seeks female soulmate for friendship, perhaps more. Yorkshire. Box 9775.

MALE GRADUATE, 25, tall, slim, non-smoker, interests: theatre, cinema, travel, books etc., seeks slim, intelligent, cheerful young woman. Exchange photos. Box 9724.

MAN, LATE fifties, seeks non-platonic and uncomplicated relationship with woman around same age (London). Box 9748

MALE GRADUATE, young 35, various interests, armchair socialist, wishes to meet unattached, easy-going, sensitive, intelligent female. Greater Manchester. Box 9682.

NEEDED: MAN FIFTYISH. Intelligent, interesting, warm-hearted, with humour. I'm attractive, affectionate, artistic, resilient, enjoy theatre, gardening, bridge, eating in, or out. Non-smokers please. Box 9746.

NORTH-WEST REGION
attractive divorcee, (43), slim, petite, youthful appearance, wishes to meet a humorous, warm, caring man, of average intelligence, unattached, 30-55.
Box 9731

NURSING SISTER, single, Malay origin, 45, warm, plump, attractive, seeks left-wing male, for permanent, committed relationship and holidays together. Preferably Inner London areas. Box 9687.

OFFERED, LITTLE slim guy, 5' 5", mid-forties, worker, semi-sexist, articulate, humour, good food, reading, smokes. Wanted: female mate, under 40, any status, nationality. Relocate Shetland Isles. Box 9762.

OLDER LONDON LADY?
Tall, dark and handsome young graduate man 28, professional, fit, charming, articulate, artistic, cultured, eclectic, amorous, seeks educated and sensual older lady, 30-50, for uncomplicated relationship.
Box 9800

POOR WIDOW, am I aged 4 and 50, sound of mind and reasonably nifty, do not smoke, though sometimes smoulder, time's on fast wind as I get older, consume no meat, but am realistic, if you're edible, I'll turn cannibalistic, so if you're single, solvent, left of Neil, tall, sensitive and not a schlemil, write with photo to this box, or just send flowers, open cheque and chocs. Box 9754.

PRACTICAL YOUNG 35, woman, well travelled, modern eclectic taste, seeks similar in man with view to building friendship, love and commitment. London area. Box 9744.

PRESENTABLE, PERSONABLE, non-chauvinist professional male (48), seeks female companion, with a view to long-term conventional relationship. Box 9786.

PRETTY, PLUMP, warm, independent, slightly frivolous, successful, freelance woman, 41; interests visual arts, cinema, theatre, architecture, gardens, seeks man friend/lover for fun. London. Box 9759.

PROFESSIONAL, SOCIALIST female, 38, divorced, warm, good-humoured and lively, interested in theatre, travel, politics, books, seeks similar male to share interests. Midlands. Box 9795.

SIR.

IF you are between 35 & 50. Do you love both life, quiet intellect & idiocy? Let us mix & stir the ingredients quite delicately.

Box 9730

UNATTACHED WOMAN, 46, busy, intelligent, independent, imaginative, travelled, wide interests, seeks passionate, pleasant professional male, 40-55, similar characteristics. N. London. Box 9774.

VERY MYOPIC male, Ametropic, 55, Anglophile, American, literate, lettered, travelled, unencumbered, seeks female with similar opthalmological malady for commiseration, mutuality, association, direction etc. Box 9372.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE graduate woman teacher, div., 45, 5' 5", brown hair, blue eyes, seeks professional man for friendship, companionship and lasting close relationship. Interests: home-making, music, family-life, people. London. Box 9531.

WELL-ADJUSTED DIVORCEE, 38, professional, independent, comfortably off, 5' 2", attractive, home and country lover, seeks intelligent, unpretentious man (35-45) in similar circumstances. Photo. London/Essex. Box 9740.

WIDOW, MIDDLE fifties, interested music, dancing, country pursuits, wishes male companion with similar interests. Box 9723.

WOMAN ARTIST/academic 32, intelligent, articulate, cultured, ambitious, workaholic, needs a tall man to discover that she's also warm, sensitive and very attractive. London. Box 9778.

WOMAN ARTIST, 52, seeks good companion (anything else would be a bonus). Box 9743.

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